



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



# *Scripscrapologia*

John Collins



Collins







J. Collins  
NC





---

**SCRIPSCRAPOLOGIA;**

**OR,**

**COLLINS's**

**DOGGEREL**

**DISH OF ALL SORTS.**

---



THE NEW YORK  
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX  
TILDEN FOUNDATION



**COLLINS,**  
*Scriptscrapologia Scriptm.*

# SCRIPSCRAPOLOGIA;

OR,

## COLLINS'S DOGGEREL Dish Of All Sorts.

---

### CONSISTING OF SONGS

Adapted to familiar Tunes,

And which may be sung without the Chaunterpipe of an Italian Warbler, or the ravishing Accompaniments of Tweedle-DUM or Tweedle-DEE.

PARTICULARLY THOSE WHICH HAVE BEEN MOST APPLAUDED  
IN THE AUTHOR'S ONCE POPULAR PERFORMANCE,

CALL'D,

### THE BRUSH.

THE CALLIMAUFRY GARNISHED WITH A VARIETY OF

COMIC TALES,  
QUAINT EPIGRAMS,  
WHIMSICAL EPITAPHS,  
&c. &c.

---

A Kickshaw Treat, which comprehends,  
Odd Bits and Scraps and Orts and Ends,—  
Mere nicknack namby pamby Pickings,  
Like Fricassee of Frogs or Chickens;  
A Mess with Grubstreet Giblets fraught,  
And here and there a MERRY THOUGHT;—  
In frothy BRAIN SAUCE trimly drest,  
But wanting SAGE for perfect Zest.  
Yet, if we countervail that Fault,  
With some few Grains of ATTIC SALT,  
Sage Critics may withhold their Frown,  
And kindly let the Trash go down.

---

PUBLISH'D BY  
THE AUTHOR HIMSELF,

AND

PRINTED BY M. SWINNEY, BIRMINGHAM.

---

1804.

RK

17. 1. 1917  
PUBLIC LIBRARY  
786919  
ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
1917

---

# APOLOGY

TO THE READER.

---

**T**HIS little Ollapod, made up of "Trifles light as Air," is humbly submitted to public Perusal with "All its Imperfections on its Head," and pleading Nothing but its Insignificancy to shelter it from rigid Criticism.—Let **THAT**, most gentle Reader, entitle it to thy Clemency.—Impale not a Worm, nor break a Fly upon the Wheel.—An Adherence to the Rules of Poetry, grammatical Precision, and the classical Correctness of the Schools, thou wilt not expect from an untrammel'd Noviciate in the Science of Word-craft, who when he has hatch'd a jingling Couplet, feels it as much as he can do, to spell it and put it together, and who can say, with much more Truth than the Author of a certain Farce,

"To raise a harmless Laugh is all his Aim,

"And if he shuns Contempt, he seeks not Fame."

Yet, partial Friends, who are blind to his Defects, to oblige and gratify, he has ventur'd to expose himself, without accepting of a previous Subscription, so very liberally and kindly offer'd, to obviate every Chance of Loss by its Publication; the Bagatelle being too unworthy of their Patronage to be blazon'd and dignified with the Sanction of their Names.—Nor let this Acknowledgment be ascribed to an affected Modesty



or Humility, when it is discover'd, that, from **extemporaneous Haste in Writing, and absent Oversight** in revising and correcting, too many **Errors of the Pen** and the Press will occur to the judicious Reader, and which are pointed out in the **ERRATA**; besides **Tautologies, Breaches of Measure, Inroads upon Accent, and Anomalies without Number**!—But as a **Colossus** would disdain to combat with a **Pigmy**, let not a **Longinus** degrade his **Discernment**, by cutting up the **Opusculum** of a **Scrapmonger**!

Scraps, as observ'd in the **Title Page**, are all the **Pickings** here, which the daintiest **Guest** must expect to sit down to; and if they are attack'd with too sharp a **Tooth**, he may **CRUSH** them indeed, but he can never **RELISH** them: though, if kindly palated, with **Taste** unprejudic'd, and an unenvenom'd **Tongue**; without nibbling at them like a **Zoilus**, or grinding them to **Powder** like a hard mouth'd **REVIEWER**, perhaps, upon the **Whole**, they may go glibly down.

The **Batavian**, for **Amusement**, munches **Mundungus**; the **Turk**, to exhilarate, masticates **Opium**; thus a **Bit** or a **Scrap** often serves, as a **Stop-gap**, to fill up the **Void** of an idle **Hour**, when **Entertainment** of more **Pith** and **Moment** is not immediately at **Hand**. Such **Condescensions** obtain, indeed, among those who stand foremost in the **Ranks** of **Taste** and **Refinement**, and it is not impossible, but the **Amateurs** of **Callipash** may sometimes feel a **Gratification** both in opening and eating a little round dumpy **Native Milton**.—It must be allowed, at the same **Time**, that the **Contents**

of some Books as well as some Sorts of Oysters, will not even compensate for the Trouble of Developement; but when Time hangs heavy upon Hand, the Point may be handled on the other Side of the Argument; for, as Doctor HOWD'YEDO says, in the BRUSH, "We often want to ~~Do away~~ Time, when we don't know How to Do it; yet we ~~Do~~ Do it, ~~Some~~ How or ~~Some~~ How, and sometimes no ~~Matter~~ How, if we can but Do it ANY How."

To those, then, who have more Time to spare than they really know what to do WITH, and to rid themselves of such an Incumbrance would deem no innocent Amusement ineligible, the Crotchettmonger of this Catchpenny looks up with an Eye of "Hope not quite forlorn."—And though neither Idalian Diamonds nor Parnassian Pearls bedeck the Beadroll of his poetic Rosary; yet, if a long String of dashing Trifles will do the Business equally as well, and those link'd together, like concatenated Sausages, some longer and some shorter, some bigger and some less, while composed of Ingredients as contrasted as those of a Greek Pye,—the Odds are, at least, a Cocoa Nut to a Cherry Stone, that he has neither hop'd nor labor'd in vain.

Tis true, indeed, that some of the Articles in his Bill of Fare have already met the Public Eye, as a Few of them have been serv'd up, for the Reading of the Day, in his own periodical Paper, (the Birmingham Chronicle) and copied from thence, though not altogether correctly, into other provincial Prints, while their Editors omitted to insert the Name of poor BRUSH at the Bottom of the

Scroll, though it stared them in the Face when palm-  
ing upon their Readers, HIS Flights of Fancy as THEIR  
OWN!—But to those Nimming Neds and Crookfinger'd  
Jacks of the typographical Tribe, he has only to say,  
by Way of “Retort Courteous,”

Thus when the Thief from Hedge-row lifts  
Sheets, Napkins, Kerchiefs, Shirts and Shifts;  
To make all sure, the crafty Shark,  
With Care, picks out the Owner's Mark !





## PREVIOUS APOSTROPHE,

(FOR IT CANNOT BE CALLED A DEDICATION,)

TO

Mr. MEYLER,

Bookseller and Printer, in the Grove, BATH, who, instead of taking the Lead of the Author as a Publisher, and setting him an Example long waited for in vain, inertly sits down, withholding superior Productions from the Press, lest Poetasters and Criticasters should deem it an Encroachment, for a Dealer in Books to dabble in Poetry!

**W**HEN garreteer Scribblers at Booksellers rail,  
And load their best Friends with Abuses;  
Whisking Dirt with their Pens, like a Fox with his Tail,  
At those lib'ral Midwives of the Muses;

Who the squall'd Abortions they spawn from their Brains,  
So neatly with Foolscap adorn;  
And in CALF'S-SKIN so suitably set off those Strains,  
Which had better by far been STILL-born:

How oft have I thought, that an End they might make,  
Of the Pranks which are play'd by those Elves,  
If a bold Step in Trade they'd but venture to take,  
By resolving to write for themselves.

While, from treating the Public with Works of their own,  
Such a double Advantage would flow,  
As to bring down, at Pleasure, two Birds with one Stone,  
By their having two Strings to their Bow?

While MEYLER, a Marksman like ITHACA's Lord,  
 Whose Bow not a Rival could bend,  
 Would be sure, like ULYSSES, such Fools to reward,  
 As with him would presume to contend !

Nor more richly gifted in Satire's wide Field,  
 To display the toxopholite Art,  
 Than the Pen, like a holiday Weapon, to wield,  
 Wit and Humour's gay Charms to impart !

Then why thus supinely thy ARCUS unstrung,  
 Unexerted thy Strength and thy Skill;  
 Why thy "VOLUME of Song," thus unfolded, unsung,  
 Why the Strings of thy Lyre so still ?

From a Genius which, Meteor-like transiently shines,  
 Yet might vie with APOLLO's bright Ray,  
 We are struck, now and then, with a few golden Lines,  
 Just the Wonder and Talk of a Day !

Let thy PEGASUS then, spurn the Nightmare of Sloth,  
 Nor by Day let her hag-ride thy Pen ;  
 But, as once on the Stage, when thou trodst the green Cloth,  
 Cry, "*Richard's himself once again !*"\*

Even SHAKSPERE had hugg'd thee, when gracing his Page,  
 And applauded each Action and Word ;  
 And thou, *Shakspeare the Second*, I boldly presage,  
 Wilt be hail'd, when thy Page is explor'd !

\* Mr. MEYLER once perform'd RICHARD, upon the Bath Stage, for  
 a Charity Benefit, with the most distinguished Applause.

Then beneath a mean Bushel conceal not thy Light,  
Which should, Beacon-like, blaze on a Hill ;  
Nor in Old rusty Chest keep thy Gems out of Sight,  
With a Spider's Web over the Till !

But as Penman, as Printer, and Publisher too,  
Like thyself, thrice pre eminent prove ;  
While BATH deems a triple-twin'd Laurel thy Due,  
And proclaims thee,—“ The Pride of the Grove !”



# ERRATA.

PAGE.	LINE.	WORD.	FOR.	READ.
3	32	3	Hobb'ler	Hobbler.
11	20	7	like	like.
22	18	4	India	India's.
24	2	1 a 2 to be omitted.		
36	18	1	an	and.
37	23	7	Yacht	Yacht.
47 }	30 }	2 }	weed	wad.
48 }	36 }	3 }		
50	10	1	nor	or.
50	15	5	proudly	valnly.
56	29	11	shape	scape.
69	5	2 a 9	they've	they.
63	23	2	Plebian	Plebeian.
74	37	7 a 8 to be omitted.		
80	23	6	that	we.
91	5	2	unabounded	unbounded.
95	18	5	answered	answer'd.
107	11	6	Ragus	Rogue.
110	20	1	an	and.
139	8	2	make	made.
142	10	4	a	the.
160	13	1	for	then.
165	13	10	Effect	Reception.

# SCRIPSCRAPOLOGIA.

—•••••—  
COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF THE BRUSH,  
SCRIPTOR.

---

---

No Loss like Loss of Time, a Song.

---

---

## NO LOSS LIKE LOSS OF TIME.—A SONG.

OF more loss in life than gain,  
Mad-brain'd mortals still complain;  
Spendthrifts feel the loss of wealth,  
Rakes the loss of rosy health;  
Sots, in midnight broils and strife,  
Lose the balmy sweets of life;  
And, when life has lost its prime,  
Fools deplore the Loss of Time.

In yon corner of thy room,  
Mark the lab'ring spider's loom;  
See the net her drudgery spreads,  
Count its intervolving threads;  
Where in ambush lurks the spy,  
To inmesh the vagrant fly;  
And, from her, compute what crime  
Can outweigh the Loss of Time.

Then behold the pismire's toil,  
Tugging, dragging o'er the soil,  
Grain by grain, the fruits of earth,  
'Gainst the hungry winter's dearth;  
Ev'ry load she lugs to shelf,  
How much larger than herself!  
And teaching more than prose or rhyme  
How to shun the Loss of Time.

B



---

 No Loss like Loss of Time, a Song.—A hard Case.
 

---

While the bee, industry's type,  
 Plund'ring Hybla's sweets, full ripe,  
 Plushy back and bristly thighs,  
 Thriftly loads, with life's supplies,  
 Primrose pip and cowslip's bell  
 Drain'd, to store her waxen cell,  
 Ev'ry season, ev'ry clime,  
 Bids me prize thee, precious Time !

Then, while reckoning day by day,  
 How the minutes roll away,  
 May my span's recording page,  
 Prove each year a golden age,  
 And, without a blush, proclaim  
 Self and social love the same,  
 Nor my memory e'er begrime,  
 With the Loss of precious Time !

But, before my sand is run,  
 May I, each revolving sun,  
 From the spider's toil discern,  
 From the lab'ring pismire learn,  
 From the busy bustling bee,  
 Nobler work design'd for me ;  
 So my passing bell shall chime  
 Sweetly, when I've lost no Time.

---

 A HARD CASE.

ONCE a doctor, to death-dealing practice inur'd,  
 As he always kill'd twenty for one that he cur'd,  
 To a grave-digger said, passing thro' the church-yard,  
 " So, friend, I perceive you're at work very hard."—  
 " Hard indeed," says old Delve, " here I toil ev'ry day,  
 " And can hardly get suction to *moisten my clay* ;  
 " Nay *double work* scarcely subsistence procures,  
 " Tho' while *doing my own*, I am *FINISHING yours*."

---

Ideas of Pickling and Preserving.—Foote's Epitaph.

---

## ENGLISH AND FRENCH IDEAS OF PICKLING AND PRESERVING.

A POOR simple Foreigner, not long ago,  
 Whose knowledge of English was, simply, so so;  
 At a shop window reading, "Good Pickles sold here,"  
 To the shopwoman said, "Vat is Peeckles, my dear?"  
 "Why Pickles," says she, "is a sort of a name,  
 "Like Preserves, and the meaning is nearly the same;  
 "For Pickling preserves, though not quite the same way,  
 "Yet 'tis much the same thing, as a body may say."  
 The Foreigner bow'd, and gave thanks for his lesson,  
 Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess on;  
 For a loud clap of thunder caus'd Miss Kitty Nervous,  
 To start from her chair, and cry, "Mercy preserve us!"  
 While he, keeping closely his lesson in view,  
 Cry'd, "Mercy *preserve* us and *peeckle* us too!"

Thus, all in good time, will the whole Gallic horde,  
 At Britannia's dread thunder, cry, "Misericorde!"  
 While the difference we split between us and such elves,  
 By *pickling* of THEM, and *preserving* OURSELVES.

---

### EPITAPH,

Written on Foote, the *Mimic* and *Dramatist*, who, several  
 years before his death, lost one of his nether Limbs.

HERE a pickled rogue lies whom we could not preserve,  
 Though his pickle was true Attic Salt;  
 One Foote was his name, and one leg did him serve,  
 Though his wit was known never to halt:  
 A most precious limb and a rare precious pate,  
 With one limb taken off for wise ends;  
 Yet the hobb'ler, in spite of the hitch in his gait,  
 Never fail'd to take off his best friends:  
 Taking off friends and foes, both in manner and voice,  
 Was his practice for pastime or pelf;  
 For which, 'twere no wonder, if both should rejoice  
 At the day when he *Took off* HIMSELF!

B 2

---

 Poor Tom, a Song.
 

---

## POOR TOM.—A SONG.

**G**O patter to paperscull saps, do ye see,  
 With your time-serving cant and the like;  
 A clear head, a true heart, and sound bottom for me,  
 And to no such palaver I'll strike:  
 For, in dove-like disguise, though the hawk, or the kite,  
 May cajole the whole pigeon-house brood,  
 Little time will discover how close he can bite  
 When they find he plucks pigeons for food:  
 Then, avast, have a care, when you veer out advice,  
 The right capstern you're winding it from,  
 For unless to your windpipe your heart you can splice,  
 You may pipe till you're dumb, for poor Tom!

I, for pelf, might pretend that I'd found out the way,  
 How to lend a lame conscience a crutch;  
 And such lingo launch out, both to coil and belay,  
 That you'd think me, good Lord, a non-such;  
 Full of sweet little maxims, touch'd up to a T,  
 About matters aloft and alow,  
 And of cherubs perch'd up, like magpies in a tree,  
 On the maintop, to take us in tow:  
 But of what's done above stairs no knowledge I claim,  
 Nor can I overhaul what's to come;  
 And the tale of a prophet, when profit's his aim,  
 Is a Tale of a Tub to poor Tom!

When I hear Doctor Stuffgut intemp'rance decry,  
 While his table, from skies, earth, and sea  
 Is deck'd out with dainties,—sure, That's, "All my Eye,"  
 And his flock, too, what flats they must be,  
 To be gull'd by a thump-cushion swab, one and all,  
 When, if service that moment was o'er,  
 He'd soon turn his back on Saint Peter and Paul,  
 For the haunch of a buck or a boar;

---

---

Poor Tom, a Song.—Much Toil for Little Gain.

---

---

As the cherubs for him, are the loaves and the fish,  
 And for those at the mouth he will foam;  
 But with Benjamin's mess let him pile up his dish,  
 A brown biscuit well earn'd for poor Tom.

Since life's but a span, to improve ev'ry inch,  
 Let the tongue from the heart never trip;  
 And tho' Poverty's gripe the best cable may pinch,  
 Never once let the sheet anchor slip;  
 And as to fine stories to answer fine ends,  
 'Tis no matter who tells or who sings,  
 The best little cherub a mortal befriends,  
 Is a conscience that guilt never stings:  
 So when, like poor Davy, wash'd off from the deck,  
 My old hulk I at last must pack from,  
 With the best birth in view let me spring from the wreck,  
 And the Cape of Good Hope for poor Tom.

— — — — —  
 MUCH TOIL FOR LITTLE GAIN.

**W**HEN ENGLAND's bright Queen, Royal ANNE, bore the  
 sway,  
 And old Marlborough flourish'd, whose fame still survives,  
 When our men fought and bled but for fourpence a day,  
 And for THAT brav'd the loss of their legs, arms, and lives,  
 A rank and file vet'ran, who battling had been,  
 From cock-crow to curfew, in conflict severe,  
 Where the purple tide delug'd the sod late so green,  
 And, in turn, shouts and groans had long tortur'd the ear,  
 At the close of the day to a hovel repair'd,  
 Sweating, panting, and tir'd, and crusted with gore,  
 And while he was wiping the dust from his beard,  
 And while the red clots from his tresses he tore,  
 Thus his case he deplor'd, in a murmuring strain,  
 And Cæsar himself would have smil'd at the thought,  
 " Though the song says, ' A soldier should scorn to complain,'  
 " What a d——'d hard day's work have I had for a groat."

B 3

---

War on Earth derived from Heaven, a Tale.

---

WAR ON EARTH DERIVED FROM HEAVEN.

A TALE.

WHERE smiling Peace and Plenty dwell,  
 And health and jocund glee,  
 Few hearts conceive, or tongues can tell,  
 Why Wars should ever be.

Yet some there are, so prone to strife,  
 And prompt to pugnant coil,  
 That all the business of their life  
 Seems tumult and turmoil.

And rather than sit down in peace,  
 And crouch to Reason's laws,  
 They'd fight for feathers dropt from geese,  
 Or go to cuffs for straws.

And this to prove,—two surly clowns,  
 Were reeling home one night,  
 From alehouse, where their sappy crowns  
 They'd soak'd in sodd'ning plight :

And while the azure-tinted sky,  
 Spread out its clear expanse,  
 And all the glittering train on high,  
 Seem'd o'er their heads to dance :

Quoth Clump to Clod, " I'll tell thee what,  
 I only wish that I  
 As much good PASTURE LAND had got  
 As I can zee blue sky."

" And I (quoth Clod to Clump) should like  
 Thy wish to beat by far,  
 And have, to prove a wealthier tyke,  
 An Ox for every star."

---

---

War on Earth derived from Heaven, a Tale.

---

---

“ Ay, but (says Clump) to veed them all  
 What Pasture could be vound ?”  
 “ Enough, (says Clod) for, great and small,  
 I’d veed ’em in THEY GROUND.”

“ No, not without my leave ;” (says Clump)  
 “ Ay, that I would,” (says Cloddy)  
 Quoth Clump, “ then thee my hide shalt thump,  
 Or I’ll well bump thy body.”

So to’t they went, both Clump and Clod,  
 As fast as fist could fag ;  
 Till both lay sprawling on the sod,  
 And scarce a fist could wag.

“ Now where’s your Oxen, Clod ?” (says Clump)  
 “ And where (says Clod) your Ground ?”  
 Both sigh’d—and carcase rais’d on rump,  
 In vain for both look’d round.

Then, shaking hands, they curs’d all jars,  
 And all deceiving eyes,  
 That look’d for Oxen from the stars,  
 And Pasture from the skies.

**MORAL.**

Thus those who make of war a jest,  
 And bloodshed treat with laughter ;  
 Under no stars can here be blest,  
 Nor in the skies hereafter.



---

Heroism combin'd with Humanity.

---

### HEROISM COMBIN'D WITH HUMANITY,

*In that truly exalted Character, SIR EDWARD PELLEW.*

Written, when an unexampled Instance of Greatness and Goodness made  
him the object of universal admiration.

**H**EROES and Demi-gods to deck  
In fiction's garb, no toil, I trow ;  
But truth is fulsome flattery's check,  
And scorns the tints of spurious show ;—

Spurns at the legendary scrawl,  
The furbish'd gloss to base alloy,  
Which, dazzling, cheats the visual ball,  
And decorates a gilded toy.

But sterling worth, which nought assumes,  
Where keen-ey'd justice bars the claim,  
She hallows, in unborrow'd plumes,  
And hails in PELLEW's honor'd name !

Born in an age, when vice refin'd,  
Seductive lures to nations holds,  
He bears one fix'd, invuln'rate mind,  
And flies the harpy's tempting folds !

Let worldlings court the love of fame,  
While under loads of care they groan ;  
He nobly makes, to crown his name,  
His country's glory all his own !

On ocean's flood to brave the storm,  
Plough thro' the deep, while whirlwinds roar ;  
Dare death in every direful form,  
And hunt him on each hostile shore !

---

Herolism combin'd with Humanity.—The Chapter of Kings, a Song.

---

When the proud bark, which bears the foe,  
 With strength superior mocks the fray,  
 Grappling, he plies his pigmy prow,  
 And soon brings down his giant prey !

Nor less those honours grace his brow,  
 Which flow from soft compassion's spring,  
 When ship-wreck'd foes the surges plough,  
 Or to the shatter'd hulk they cling.

Lash'd to a single rope, he stems,  
 With sturdy strokes, the dashing wave ;  
 And self-security contemns,  
 To snatch them from a wat'ry grave !

These are the laurels PELLEW gains,  
 These bind with fame his temples round,  
 These are the deeds inspire my strains,  
 And should with nobler strains be crown'd.



## THE CHAPTER OF KINGS.—A SONG.

Sung, in the BRUSH, by the AUTHOR, as an IRISH SCHOOLMASTER,

**T**HE Romans, in England, they once did sway,  
 And the Saxons they after them led the way,  
 And they tugg'd with the Danes 'till an overthrow  
 They both of them got by the Norman bow.  
 Yet, barring all pother, the one and the other  
 Were all of them Kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign ;  
 But Billy his Son by an arrow was slain ;  
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,  
 But Stephy was forc'd for his Crown to fight.  
 Yet, barring, &c.



---

The Chapter of Kings. a Song.

---

Second Harry, Plantagenet's name did bear,  
And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir ;  
But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,  
Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.  
Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First like a tiger bold,  
But the Second by rebels was bought and sold ;  
And Teddy the Third was his subjects' pride,  
Though his Grandson Dicky was popp'd aside.  
Yet, barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,  
And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight,  
Though Henny his Son like a chick did pout,  
When Teddy his Cousin had kick'd him out.  
Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth, he was kill'd in bed,  
By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in the head ;  
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,  
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.  
Yet, barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,  
Though Mary made fire and faggot blaze ;  
But good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,  
And bonny King Jamy from Scotland came.  
Yet, barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,  
But Charley his Son was a comical blade ;  
And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,  
Ran away, do you see me, from Willy the Third.  
Yet, barring, &c.

---

The Chapter of Kings, a Song.—Joyful News for English Jacobins, a Tale.

---

Queen Ann was victorious by land and sea,  
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway;  
 And, as Georgey the Second has long been dead,  
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead.  
 And may his Son's Sons, to the end of the Chapter.  
 All come to be Kings in their turn.

From this Song, with the help of its Tune, the CHAPTER of ADMIRALS, ALDERMEN, &c. have been fudg'd up in the full vein of Four and Twenty Fiddlers all in a Row!—And the Author himself has been induced, by the reception it has met with from the intelligent part of the public, to follow it up with the CHAPTER of LETTERS and CHAPTER of WAR, which the reader will find hereafter.

---

JOYFUL NEWS FOR ENGLISH JACOBINS.

## A TALE.

" You share in the plunder of TROY, Dogs! Are ye not TROJANS?  
 " The prize, Greeks, is ours, and we share it with no traitors. But  
 " as every workman should have his wages, there are ropes for ye all  
 " and by JANUS you shall swing ilke bells in a steeple. Here, SINON,  
 " conduct them to the patibulum, the gallows groans for them. Hence,  
 " rascals, and go hang. But first cut out their tongues, that they insult  
 " not the Gods with the mockery of repentance."

FAM. of ILLIUM, Act v. Scene 2.

SAYS a cut-throat, one day, *inter se*, to another,  
 Ah! wou'd that the French were all here, my dear  
 brother!

" They'd give us true liberty, wipe off our taxes,  
 " And lop lofty heads with Republican axes,  
 " Pluuder Churchmen and Royalists, ravish their wives,  
 " Daughters, sisters, and mothers, nor spare their brats'  
 lives:  
 " But for US, their staunch friends, we are all safe and snug,  
 " Not a hair of our heads would be lost in the tug;  
 " But when England is vanquish'd by Gallican thunder,  
 " WE shall surely come in for a share of the plunder.

---

 Joyful News for English Jacobins, a Tale.
 

---

When, lo! to the sudden surprise of the twain,  
 Who by Old England's loss had thus plann'd their own gain,  
 One of John Bull's True Breed, over-hearing, by chance,  
 Through a lathy partition, those good friends to France,  
 Rush'd into the room, and exclaim'd, with an oath,

“ May the gallows, ye fiends, be the fate of ye both:—  
 “ Yet before I'm compell'd an informer to turn,  
 “ An office which now I no longer can spurn;  
 “ To shew you, ye short-sighted half-witted slaves,  
 “ That your heads prove ye fools, while your hearts prove  
   ye knaves,—  
 “ When rebellion broke out, half a cent'ry ago,  
 “ To shake England's peace with a perilous blow,  
 “ The Blue Bonnet Clans in a torrent rush'd forth,  
 “ And as far South as Derby arriv'd from the North,  
 “ Which in wild consternation put all the poor folk,  
 “ Except traitorous imps, who rejoic'd at the joke;  
 “ And one of those caitiffs, a Crispin by craft,  
 “ Who at murders, and rapes, and such little things laught,  
 “ Well assur'd that his house would no plunder sustain,  
 “ As he still brawl'd for Charley and Charley again,  
 “ Hail'd the Clans, as they pass'd in their plaids and their  
   trooze, [shoes.—  
 “ Crying, ‘ Walk in and buy, Gemmen, buy my stout  
 “ But scarce was the herd from the Roll-call dismiss'd,  
 “ To forage and quarter where'er they might list,  
 “ When barefoot and sorefoot they soon wheel'd about,  
 “ And their friend Crispin's shop soon regain'd in their  
   route,  
 “ Where Donald, their spokesman and paymaster serjeant,  
 “ With pockets which neither could boast *OR\** *OR ARGENT†*,  
 “ Thus address'd Master Snob—‘ My gude freend we ken  
   weel,  
 “ That your heart in oor cause is baith linkan and leel,

\* Gold.

† Silver.

- " And ye'd mak aa mair words than the mon that cries  
 barley,  
 " To spend your best blude to support Royal Charley;  
 " But observe when oor feet are in this waefu trim,  
 " In supporting of us, ye're supporting of HIM,  
 " So to prove how we prize sic a pillar and prop,  
 " We'll accept, as your gift,—Aw the Shoes in your Shop;  
 " And for Boots, a free gift, we're alike equal suitors,  
 " Though the Kernes, when we wear them, may call us  
 Free Booters!  
 " The Prologue now spoken, the Play quick began,  
 " And Crispin's fine stock soon equipp'd the whole clan;  
 " All regardless which way he to politics lean'd,  
 " Nor left the vile traitor by treachery skreen'd!  
 " Hear this, you two rascals," says honest John Trot,  
 " Nor think to 'scape free, though combin'd in the plot;  
 " Hell's work to complete, you may league and conspire,  
 " And, your country to ruin, employ sword and fire;  
 " But if shoe-makers, hosiers, or hatters, or aught,  
 " Whose wares are as easily pillag'd as bought,  
 " Never think the good French, should they Britain subdue,  
 " Will regard who's the owner of hat, hose or shoe,  
 " Nor believe, that while plund'ring their good friends and  
 brothers,  
 " They'll indulge British traitors in plund'ring of others.  
 " No, no; all the grist must be brought to THEIR mills,  
 " Gran'ries, storehouses, breweries, wine presses, stills,  
 " Corn and oil, milk and honey, flocks, herds, house and land,  
 " Gold, jewels, goods, chattels, will Frenchmen command:  
 " Nor a Briton, howe'er he may forfeit the name,  
 " By apostacy, dare to put in the least claim!  
 " But your filthy work done, and your country betray'd,  
 " As you choke up the soil, you must fall by the blade,  
 " Like rank noxious weeds, both a nuisance and scoff,  
 " And to perish in flames be most justly cut off!

---

Joyful News for English Jacobins, a Tale.—The Midnight Hour, a Song.

---

“ This, this would you have, you pair of sad dogs,  
 “ If here you could bring those devourers of frogs.  
 “ But since you’re found out,” says Old Rugged and Tough,  
 “ Against naked truth you’ll be forc’d to stand buff;  
 “ And if, for this time, you ’scape Botany Bay,  
 “ Wood and hemp will still grow—and each dog have his  
 day.

~~—~~

### THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.—A Song.

**A** Thousand ways I’ve labour’d,  
 To cheat old loit’ring Time,  
 And oft the ling’ring grey-beard  
 Beguil’d in prose and rhyme;  
 I’ve journals fill’d with columnus,  
 To prove invention’s power,  
 And por’d o’er musty volumes,  
 Till past the Midnight Hour.

I’ve kneel’d at Evening Vesper,  
 When Curfeu Bell was rung,  
 As watchful as the Hesper,  
 To guard my heart and tongue;  
 While snug in pew, some gipsey  
 Soon prov’d temptation’s power;  
 And to her arms, half tipsey,  
 I’ve reel’d at Midnight Hour.

I’ve fashion’s routs frequented,  
 Where slander leagu’d with tea,  
 And hags their tales invented,  
 With fame-bespatt’ring glee;  
 I’ve led the sprightly dance up,  
 Spurr’d on by music’s power,  
 While pleasure pip’d all hands up  
 To hail the Midnight Hour.

---

The Midnight Hour, a Song.—The Cat Eater! a Comic Tale.

---

In orgies wild and rev'lling,  
 I've drain'd the copious bowl,  
 Where uproar, wisdom lev'lling,  
 Has rul'd without controul;  
 While babbling Whig and Tory  
 Reviv'd old Babel's Tower;  
 And there I thought, with glory,  
 To crown the Midnight Hour.

The Pharo Bank I've courted,  
 Time's vacuum to supply;  
 And there with fortune sported  
 Life's comforts on a die:  
 But shrunk was soon my strong box,  
 As frost will shrink the flower,  
 And there I found the wrong box,  
 To pass the Midnight Hour.

At length sweet Flora found me,  
 A drooping, with'ring weed,  
 When to her heart she bound me,  
 And propt the bending reed;  
 I round her clung like ivy  
 In Hymen's roseate bower:  
 And now, with rapture, strive we,  
 To crown the Midnight Hour.



THE CAT EATER!—A COMIC TALE.

**T**HOUGH facts will swell as stories fly,  
 'Till truth, o'erstretch'd, becomes a lie,  
 The tell-tale here no legend frames,  
 Which more than mod'rate credence claims;  
 Nor, bouncer-like, a fiction broaches,  
 For those who swallow lies like loaches;

Nor Sceptic dreads, whose scowling eye,  
At aught uncommon darts the lie;  
So con the tale,—His heart's at quiet,  
Believe it, doubt it, or deny it.

JOHN TROT, a homespun Country Putt,  
JACK SLY one morning met, full-butt;  
Who, starting, star'd, and stamm'ring said,  
Lord! Juh-Juh-John! what, an't you dead?  
Dead! whoy? says JOHN: Dear heart, quoth SLY,  
Don't rave, I'll tell the reason why;  
DICK BAM declares, who saw the sight,  
You eat up Three Live Cats last night!  
Eat Three Loive Cats, quoth JOHN, odd rot it!  
Proime news! I wonder wheere he got it!  
But I'll soon foind—so speeds to BAM,  
Who flatly swore 'twas all a flam:  
I could not say, quoth DICK, that You  
Had eat THREE Cats, 'twas only Two:  
Two! In the Deevil's neame, and who  
Has told, says TROT, this teale to You?  
BOB BANTER.—O, he did, quoth JOHN,  
I'll meake him cheange his noate anon!  
So hies to BANTER, all agog,  
Whom thus he greets:—' Yow sland'ring dog,  
' Who reake up loies to gull the flats,  
' Did I, last neet, eat Two Loive Cats?'  
Two, replies BANTER, that's rare fun!  
Eat ME if I said more than ONE.  
Than ONE, and, dom it, whoy say THAT?  
Whoy say, that I eat ONE Loive Cat?  
Your brother told me so, says BOB;—  
If so, says JOHN, I'll jolt his knob:  
So, off went Cain, in quest of Abel,  
With mind whose index lack'd no label;  
As frowning brow, and flashing eye,  
To JOHN's intents ne'er gave the lie;

---

The Cat Eater! a Comic Tale.

---

And, had he then met Tom, his brother,  
 Death might have level'd one or t'other:  
 But, fortunately, JOHN, thus fool'd,  
 No brother found till passion cool'd;  
 When, lighting then, on Tattling Tom,  
 He cry'd, 'Where got'st thou that teale from,  
 ' (Pies on thy tongue, thou foul-mouth'd brat,)  
 ' That I, last neet, gobb'd up a Cat?'  
 A Cat, cries Tom, your sputt'ring spare,  
 A Puss, I said, a fine fat Hare,  
 Mother herself, here, told me THAT,—  
 ' You lie, you rogue, not Hare, nor Cat,'  
 Quoth Old DAME TROT, 'so donna blab it,  
 ' I only said, JOHN eat a Rabbit;  
 ' And that's a truth, I'll pledge my life,  
 ' For, here's MY author, JOHN'S OWN WIFE!'

When JOHN'S meek spouse demurely rose,  
 And cry'd, "Good friends, this contest close;  
 For, sure as women breed by marriage,  
 Stories will always breed in carriage;  
 And though THREE CATS of ENGLISH breed,  
 'Tis said, poor JOHN dispatch'd with speed;  
 JOHN supp'd, as oft he's supp'd before,  
 On one WELCH Rabbit,—Nothing more."

## DOCUMENT.

This tale let mem'ry take in tow,  
 'Twill slack the strings of slander's bow:  
 Dumbfound each fable-broaching fool,  
 And shake the props of scandal's school:  
 For, when foul babblers raise a pack  
 Of lies, to load a neighbour's back;  
 Tell them, you join no sland'rers jeers,  
 Nor to fools' tongues lend asses' ears,  
 Nor make, for flams, to impose on flats,  
 Of ONE *Welch Rabbit*, THREE LIVE CATS!



---

 Extemporany Stanzas.
 

---

## EXTEMPORARY STANZAS,

*On seeing the inimitable Copper Coin of Mr. BOULTON's Mint, at  
SOKO.*

WHEN Bacchus to Midas a patent bequeath'd,  
(For so by the Poets we're told,)

For turning, as long as on earth here he breath'd,  
Whatsoever he touch'd, into gold;

No licence he gave to the Phrygian Old Drone,  
On the bullion a STAMP to bestow;  
But the hoard a dead heap to the muckworm was grown,  
As no do it of it CURRENT would go.

But had Baechus to BOLTON imparted the power,  
To 'ply the philosopher's stone;  
That grant, though confin'd to the lapse of an hour,  
Had honor'd his Thyrsus and Throne!

For the bright rosy God had been blazon'd in gold,  
In such rare combination and form,  
As his brethren above might with envy behold,  
And with jealous emotions grow warm.

Each exclaiming—"Who dares thus our likenesses ape,  
" In such guise as may copies be reckon'd,  
" And Gods thus epitomize, ought not to 'scape,  
" But be deem'd a Prometheus the Second!"

And yet if desert should be paid in due COIN;  
Modern works, which the ancients surpass,  
The Gods, in full synod, should lib'rally join,  
To applaud, though on COPPER or BRASS.

And when, LIKE Celestials, with justice they aim,  
To discharge debts of honor below;—  
To give merit, both CURRENT and STERLING, its claim,  
"Twine a wreath for the Man of SOKO."

---

Tomorrow, a Song.

---

## TOMORROW.—A SONG.

**I**N the downhill of life when I find I'm declining,  
May my fate no less fortunate be,  
Than a snug elbow chair will afford for reclining,  
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;  
With an ambling pad poney to pace o'er the lawn,  
While I carol away idle sorrow,  
And, blythe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,  
Look forward with hope for Tomorrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade, too,  
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;  
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade, too,  
With a barn for the use of the flail:  
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,  
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,  
I'll envy no Nabob, his riches or fame,  
Or what honors may wait him Tomorrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely  
Secur'd, by a neighbouring hill;  
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,  
By the sound of a murmuring rill:  
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,  
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,  
With my friends let me share what Today may afford,  
And let them spread the table Tomorrow.

And when I, at last, must throw off this frail cov'ring,  
Which I've worn for three score years and ten,  
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,  
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;  
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,  
As this old worn out stuff, which is threadbare Today,  
May become Everlasting Tomorrow.

---

An Eye to Posthumous Reputation.—None so low as to think none lower.

---

### AN EYE TO POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.

**S**AYS AVARO to TIMON, You lavish your gold,  
As young fools lavish time, to wish back when they're  
old.—

Now AVARO was close as the clench of a vice,  
And "*Held Fast*" to his friend was his constant advice;  
While TIMON, diffuse as the sun's vivid rays,  
Scatter'd wealth to bless millions with charity's blaze;  
Yet the former still stuck to his text with the latter,  
Insisting 'twas wiser to scant than to scatter;  
Ay, and honester too, for the man that acts fair,  
Will even of posthumous scandal beware,  
Nor when dead risk the censure of *robbing his Heir*. }  
Of robbing my Heir? says young TIMON,—why ay,—  
When I'm under the sod, such a thing they may say;  
But there's nothing in nature more common, AVARO,  
'Tis done ev'ry day at Whist, Hazard, and Pharo;  
But, as *living all days of my life* is my plan,  
Like a dog may he die that won't live like a man:  
And, tho' *robbing one's Heir* may be deem'd somewhat wrong,  
By the gold-grasping, fast-holding, pelf-loving throng,  
Yet as he who in wealth is with avarice hamper'd,  
Unnat'rally starves that his purse may be pamper'd,  
Let *me* never be deem'd so unnat'ral an elf,  
As, when dead, to be censur'd for *robbing MYSELF*.

---

### NONE SO LOW AS TO THINK NONE LOWER.

**A**S a lesson to those who look down with contempt  
Upon folks of inferior degree;  
And to teach them that none from fate's frowns are exempt,  
Nor from fortune's upsettings are free.

---

None so low as to think none lower.—Comfort for the Poor, a Song.

---

Two young roguish chimneysweeps, not long ago,  
 As they brawl'd for employ through the street,  
 With a poor shabby prig, who belong'd to a show,  
 In St. Giles's once happen'd to meet :

When they cry'd, " Smoke the Quiz, with his long knuckle-  
 dabs,  
 And his coat as threadbare as a sack ;  
 And his russety shoes, like the shells of two crabs,  
 And with scarce half a shirt to his back !

Hip ! You Mr. Scaramouch—Scarecrow we mean,  
 Though such fine things you boast to exhibit ;  
 You had better turn tradesman, like us, than be seen  
 In such duds, as if dropt from a gibbet !"

When their master thus gravely their mock'ry decry'd,  
 Saying—" Peace you two bantering elves,  
 Though you're tradesmen at present—to pull down your  
 pride,  
 You may come to be Showmen yourselves !"

—————

### COMFORT FOR THE POOR, IN THE WORST OF TIMES.—A Song.

O Blest is he who works and siags,  
 Contented through the day ;  
 Nor levels envy's pois'nous stings,  
 At those who rest or play.  
 The plough he guides or wields the flail,  
 With heart alert and blythe ;  
 The anvil beats, drives on the nail,  
 Or whets the mower's scythe.

---

Comfort for the Poor, a Song.

---

Or when the streets with rubbish teem,  
The broom he'll not beshrew ;  
But smile at those, who shameful deem  
The toil, to clean a shoe ;  
For he, whose hope and peace doth rest  
On Virtue's base alone,  
A treasure hoards within his breast,  
To Mammon's tribe unknown.

Thus in blind Fortune's whiffling round,  
While ups and downs appear,  
The Peasant, while he plods the ground,  
May shame the loftiest Peer ;  
For pearls and diamonds, lands and mines,  
Though pomp and pride may boast,  
More bright that gem interior shines,  
Than all on India coast.

Tis That which cheers the drooping heart,  
In times replete with woe,  
And helps the pilgrim through his part,  
Howe'er despis'd and low ;  
Tis want of That which bars the High  
From blest Contentment's door ;  
And makes the Rich despondent sigh  
For what sustains the Poor.

Tis That which blunts afflictions sting,  
When wealth and friends are flown,  
And makes the doitless pauper sing,  
While Lords of thousands groan ;  
Nay, he must own that wears a Crown,  
While others tug the oar,  
" Fate may to mis'ry kings bend down,  
And slaves to bliss may soar !"

---

Comfort for the Poor, a Song.—Dry Humour!

---

Then wouldst thou make of life the most,  
 That mortal's lot can yield,  
 Be Virtue 'gainst misfortune's host,  
 Thy breastplate, sword, and shield;  
 Since death with due desert will crown  
 The sultan and the slave,  
 When all distinctions are thrown down,  
 And level'd in the grave!

— — — — —  
 DRY HUMOUR!

**T**WAS on a day, but not the last,  
 When orders for a gen'ral Fast,  
 Were from the Cockpit given,  
 That men no more in sin might plunge,  
 But wipe all out by sorrow's sponge,  
 And make their odds all even:  
 When soaking SAM, who, ev'ry day,  
 To Sot's-Hole went, to souse his clay,  
 There found the doors all barr'd;  
 For SAM the front and postern try'd,  
 But all in vain for entrance ply'd,  
 A case he thought quite hard!  
 And hard and harder while he knock'd,  
 Silence within his batt'ring mock'd,  
 'Till SALLY op'd the sash;  
 And cry'd, "Pray cease your Rat-tat-tat,  
 "This day we're All resolv'd, that's flat,  
 "To Fast, and take no cash."  
 "Why then," says SAM, in sulky strain,  
 "Fast on,—I'll rap no more in vain,  
 "Upset me if I do;  
 "But you're a pack of curst queer elves,  
 "Who, not content to Fast YOURSELVES,  
 "Must make your Doors Fast too!"

---

Dry Humour!—A Sharp made a Flat by a Limb of the Law.

---

A SHARP MADE A FLAT BY A LIMB OF THE  
LAW.

*A Bath Anecdote, in the Style of the New Bath Guide.*

A T a once famous Inn, where, detection to shun,  
Up two pair of stairs was thought safer than one;  
The Sabbath for play being fix'd and decreed;  
As, the better the day, still the better the deed;  
An old peery Sharper, deep vers'd in the game,  
But whose fingers, with gout, were enfeebled and lame,  
In slipping and palming, dexterity lacking,  
Was nick'd, and soon out of the window sent packing.

A fall from two stories, you'll own, was a sad one,  
Yet was not his case, on the whole, such a bad one;  
A few bumps and bruises his whole penance proving,  
Nor follow'd one fracture, to make the tale moving.

So gath'ring his limbs up, and limping along,  
Not thinking it right to put up with such wrong;  
To a Limb of the Law he repair'd in a Trice,  
Put a fee in his hand, and demanded advice;—  
Saying, "Sir, I've been wantonly pitch'd, you must know,  
" From the attic above, to the pavement below;  
" And a miracle 'tis, from the fall, let me tell ye,  
" That all my poor bones are not bruis'd to a jelly!"

Says the Lawyer, "What motive for treatment so hard?"

"Dear Sir, all my crime was, but—Slipping a Card."

"Indeed! For how much did you play then, and where?"

"For two hundred, up two pair of stairs, at the Bear."

"Why then, my good friend, as you want my advice,

"To'ther guinea advanc'd, it is your's in a trice."

"Here it is, my dear Sir,"—"Very well, now, observe,

"Future downfalls to shun, from this rule never swerve,

"When challeng'd UP STAIRS, Luck for HUNDREDS to try,

"Tell your frolicsome friends, that, you don't play so HIGH!"

---

John Bull's Account of a Church and a Christening.

---

JOHN BULL'S ACCOUNT OF A CHURCH AND A  
'CHRISTENING,

Turn'd into a Song, from a Tale introduced in one of Westley's Sermons, to shew in what a state of Heathenish Ignorance the people of Kingswood, in Gloucestershire, were, when he first went among them as a Preacher.

**J**OHN Bull was a bumpkin, born and bred,  
At a clodhopping village in Gloucestershire,  
And as for this world or the world that's to come,  
To puzzle his noddle 'twas never the near;  
For he never was known to set foot in a church,  
'Till the day he took Dorothy there for a wife;  
And says John, " By the Lore, I was never before,  
In a place like a church, all the days of my life!"

For, says he, " I look'd up, and zeed nine or ten fellows,  
A zinging as loud as their lungs cou'd clink;  
So thinking that I was got into an ale-house,  
I ax'd, if so be they'd got nothing to drink.  
When up come a man and he pull'd off my hat,  
And he told me no drink was allow'd in the place;  
So I thought that for zartin he must be the landlord,  
Or else I'd have fetch'd 'n a punch in the face.

And moreauver, thinks I, I won't be zuch a vool,  
As to kick up a dust and to frighten the bride;  
So I went further in for to look at the place,  
And, odzooks, what a comical zight I espy'd;  
There was men folk and women folk penn'd up together,  
Like so many wethers and ewes at a Fair;  
Besides a long booby-hutch, built up, for holding  
The whole Corporation, Justasses, and Mayor!

D



---

*John Bull's Account of a Church and a Christening.*

---

Then up got a little man into a tub,  
And he look'd just as tho'f he'd been roll'd in the dirt,  
For you cou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,  
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt;  
Excepting a little white slobbering bib,  
Tuck'd under his chin, and beslitted in two,  
To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,  
I was puzzl'd to think what a plague he cou'd do!

For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,  
And for mercy upon us, did heartily pray;  
Another below, that was sat in a chest,  
Kept a mocking of every word he did say;  
And when he had fairly tir'd 'n out,  
To the very last word — To do nothing by halves,  
I yerily thought he was gwain for to fight 'n,  
For he stood up and call'd for a couple of staves!

But the little man, tho'f he'd a black shirt on,  
Whip'd over'n another as white as a clout;  
And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,  
He sat open the tub and he let his self out;  
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,  
And as tho'f he'd a got neither shame nor grace,  
He dipp'd his fingers into a trough,  
And splash'd the cold water all over his face!

Cock's passion! thinks I, — 'Tis a shameful thing,  
To serve a poor babe such a woundy trick,  
For tho'f he did squeak like a pig when he's stuck,  
They did mind 'n no more than a goosemunchick;  
Odsbobs! and I thought if the meggot shou'd bite,  
And they wanted to make but a child of a man,  
Who cou'd tell but in turn, zuch a baby as I,  
May be zouz'd in the trough like a zop in the pan.

---

John Bull's Account of a Christening.—Welcome and Unwelcome Decision.

---

Zo I took to my heels and I scamper'd away,  
 Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure;  
 And I swore, in my guts, if they ever catch'd I,  
 O' the in-a-door zide of a church any more;  
 They shou'd plump me up to the ears in the hog trough,  
 Just like a toast in a tankard then;  
 And zouse me and zop me and zop me and zouse me,  
 A hundred times over and over again.



### THE WELCOME AND UNWELCOME DECISION.

ONCE a Cockneigh and Yorkist maintain'd a dispute,  
 Whether London or York was of oldest repute;  
 And the contest kept up, with a clamorous pother,  
 About "which *Lord Mayor* took place of the other;"  
 When a wag, who stood by, took the part of the Tyke,  
 Saying—London to York, was, in fame, nothing like;  
 And,—that when their Chief Magistrates met on the road,  
 Never yet did the *First* dare the *Last* incommode:  
 As the Law of the Land, which binds Lords to obey,  
 Makes the Lord May'r of London turn out of the way!

At this *sage* arbitration, so pleas'd was the Hick,

That the Umpire, he swore, was as wise as old Nick!

But the Wag thus reply'd,—“No great Conjuror, I,—

“For without the Black Art, we this knot can untye;

“And, before you exult, hear the reason, I pray,

“Why the Lord May'r of London, for Your's, must break,  
 way:—

“The Former, when pleas'd on a journey to fix,

“From the City sets out, in his Chariot and Six;

“While the Latter, whose state you so boastfully brag on,

“His journey must take in the Yorkshire Stage Waggon;

“Which *waggs on*, by law, with its dignify'd load,

“Unimpeded, while Chariots turn out of the road!”

Poor *Sap-skull*, thus craftily put to the blush,

Thought, a Badg'ring to 'scape, 'twas the best way to Brush.

D 2

---

 The Derbyshire Knight.—Good Old Things, a Song.
 

---

## THE DERBYSHIRE KNIGHT.

**A**T Matlock, where cripples croud thicker and faster,  
 The Bath-keeper once was appointed Post-master;  
 And in time waxing rich, he to Derby repair'd,  
 Where a Burgess he there was elected and chair'd;  
 And soon after, amazement still more to excite,  
 'Twas his Majesty's pleasure to make him a Knight!  
 Upon which an old wag, in sarcastical vein,  
 Said—"The KING may knight COBLERS, but this I'll  
 maintain,  
 "If of well deserv'd Knighthood his Knightship can boast,  
 "He's a Knight of the BATM, or a Knight of the POST."

---

 GOOD OLD THINGS.—A SONG.

**I**N the days of my youth I've been frequently told,  
 That the best of good Things are despis'd when they're  
 old,

Yet I own, I'm so lost to the modes of this life,  
 As to prize an old Friend, and to love an old Wife;  
 And the first of enjoyments, through life, has been mine,  
 To regale an Old Friend with a Flask of Old Wine.

In this gay world, new fashions spring up ev'ry day,  
 And to make room for THEM, still the old must give way;  
 A new fav'rite at Court will an old one displace,  
 And too oft an old Friend will put on a new face;  
 Yet the pride pomp and splendour of Courts I'd resign,  
 To regale an Old Friend with a Flask of Old Wine.

With Old England, by some folks, great faults have been  
 found,  
 Tho' they've since found much greater on New England's  
 ground,  
 And the thief a new Region *transportedly* hails,  
 Quitting Old England's coast for a trip to New Wales;

---

Good Old Things, a Song.—Bad Company got dearly rid of.

---

But such *transporting* trips, pleas'd with home, I'd decline,  
To regale an Old Friend with a Flask of Old Wine.

By the bright golden Sun, that gives birth to the day,  
Though as old as this globe which he gilds with his ray,  
And the Moon, which, though new, ev'ry month, as we're  
told,  
Is the same silver lamp near six thousand years old,  
Could the lamp of my life last while Sun and Moon shine,  
I'd regale an Old Friend with a Flask of Old Wine.



### BAD COMPANY GOT DEARLY RID OF.

A Poor Scotch Piper once through France,  
By Fortune's hand was led a dance;—  
For having learn'd from Fame's report,  
That dancing was a Frenchman's forte,  
He thought 'stead of staying at home,  
Where his bowels with hunger were griping,  
To fill them 'twas wiser to roam,  
Since those who love dancing love piping.  
And as Soudy was cantilly trudging along,  
Those outlandish newtrodden regions among,  
Admiring ev'ry novel scene,  
That *strang'd* around his wond'ring *eye*,  
(Like children on some holyday,  
Or haply, when they truant play,)  
His wallet well cramm'd with good savoury prog,  
By those who last night he had set all agog,  
With the lilt of his pipe, legs and feet all to jog,  
He came to a wood,  
That reach'd many a rood,  
Ay, and furlong and mile,  
Where a narrow defile

---

Bad Company got dearly rid of.

---

A path presented, both for horse and foot,  
Or chariot, coach, or cart to take their route.  
But ere, through the forest, poor Sondy  
Had travers'd, the third of a league,  
Though his legs they were lightsome and *bondy*,  
And seldom got fagg'd with fatigue ;  
His wem began to grunt and growl,  
And yearn for scraps of flesh and fowl,  
That stow'd in his sack,  
Were slung on his back ;  
So down from his shoulders the satchel he threw,  
And without a wry face,  
Or saying of grace,  
Lugg'd out its delicious contents and fell to.  
But while his Viaticum down he was twisting,  
Three wolves gaunt and grim,  
In a curst wicked whim,  
Smelling roast beef—d'ye see,  
Begg'd his messmates to be,  
And in such pressing terms as were past all resisting.  
So Sondy threw to each a slice,  
As fast as he could cut them,  
While eag'rer far than cats for mice,  
Not all his store could glut them ;  
But still they kept nearer and nearer approaching,  
Till the poor frightened Scot,  
Not a scrap more had got,  
To cram their keen maws,  
Or keep off their sharp claws ;  
Which seem'd sharply bent all his veins to be broaching :  
When, lucky was the thought, I wis,  
Hap at a venture, hit or miss,  
His bagpipe he quickly lugg'd out,  
And began both to dance and to play,  
Which put all the wolves to the rout,  
And like sheep they all scamper'd away.

---

Had Company got dearly rid of.—The Golden Days of good Queen Bess.

---

Then Soudy exclaim'd, "Are ye gane ye damn'd deevils,  
 And left me here starving alane?  
 To be famish'd, I fear, will betide me mair evils,  
 Than being pick'd bare to the bane!

But gin I had kenn'd—at my piping, got wot,  
 Ye had nimble danc'd off in this manner;  
 The Deel dom my sawle, but from Soudy ye'd got  
 Baith piping and dancing—'FORE DANNER."



### THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

Tune—"Ally Croker."

A Song in irregular measure, and in the Grub-street style.

**T**O my Muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery,  
 If we jumble together Music, Poetry, and History,  
 The times to display in the Days of Queen Bess, Sir,  
 Whose name and whose memory Posterity may bless, Sir.  
     O the Golden Days of good Queen Bess,  
     Merry be the Memory of good Queen Bess.

Then we laugh'd at the Bugbears, of Dons and Armadas,  
 With their guppowder puffs, and their blust'ring bravadoes,  
 For we knew how to manage both the musket and the bow,  
     Sir,  
 And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow, Sir.  
     O the Golden Days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men were  
     great, Sir,  
 And the props of the Nation were the pillars of the State, Sir,  
 For the Sov'reign and Subject one interest supported,  
 And our powerful Alliance was by all Pow'rs courted.  
     O the Golden Days, &c.

---

*The Golden Days of good Queen Bess.*

---

Then Quarter Staff and Cudgel-play, and Pitching of the  
Bar, Sir,  
Were prefer'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, Sir;  
And they then knew no more of an Opera Castrata;  
Than a Thames-Wherry Boatman of the Rio del Plata.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd; and our houses were  
thatch'd, Sir,  
Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only latch'd, Sir;  
Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or rob, Sir,  
That the hangman was starving for want of a jobb, Sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then our Ladies, with large ruffs, ty'd round about the  
neck fast,  
Wou'd gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their breakfast;  
While a close quill'd up coif their noddles just did fit, Sir,  
And they truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, Sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then jerkins and doublets, and yellow-worsted hose, Sir,  
With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our beaus, Sir;  
Strong beer they prefer'd, too, to claret or to hock, Sir,  
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, Sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

Good neighbourhood, then, was as plenty, too, as beef, Sir;  
And the Poor from the Rich never wanted relief, Sir;  
While merry went the mill clack, the shuttle, and the  
plow, Sir,  
And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow, Sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

---

The Golden Days of Good Queen Bess.—The Welltimed Hint.

---

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice, at least, to church, Sir;  
 And never left the parson, nor his sermon, in the lurch, Sir;  
 For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to be good in, Sir,  
 And they thought it Sabbath-breaking, if they din'd without a pudding, Sir,

O the Golden Days, &c.

Then a woman with a fortune was reckon'd but a flirt, Sir,  
 If she could not make a pudding, make a bed, or make a shirt, Sir;

And to do a friend a kindness that wanted a lift, Sir,  
 With a fortune out at elbows,—a man would make a shift, Sir,

O the Golden Days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd, and they play'd, Sir;

Of their friends not asham'd, nor of enemies afraid, Sir:  
 And little did they think, when this ground they stood on, Sir,  
 To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and gone, Sir.

O the Golden Days, &c.

N. B. This Ballad like that of "DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO," is saddled with a "SIR" at the end of every verse; but it is unavoidable, as the Song was written to the Tune, instead of the Tune to the Song, which likewise makes it read rather uncouthly, but in the singing, the apparent unevenness of measure is entirely done away.

---

THE WELLTIMED HINT.

ONE day when in preaching, a text-spinning spark  
 The whole length of his body reach'd over the clerk,  
 And stretching his neck, like a game cock in fighting,  
 Inveigh'd against chousing, and cheating, and biting;  
 MOSEY turn'd up his head, and said, "Sir, while you're  
 "preaching,

"'Mongst all other crimes you forget *over-reaching*."



---

Loss and no Loss.—The Jew in Grain.

---

## LOSS AND NO LOSS.

**Q**UEEN BESS once in Council was given to know,  
 That a Corps of her Cavalry fled from the foe;  
 But, in telling the tale, it came out unawares,  
 That the troops were all Taylors, and mounted on Mares;  
 Nay then, cries the Queen, let the rogues run away,  
 Since I neither have lost MAN nor HORSE in the fray!



## THE JEW IN GRAIN:

OR THE DOCTRINE OF AN ISRAELITE!

To be sung in the High German Dialect.

**I** Once was but a Pedlar, and my shop was in my pox,  
 So sure as I'm a Smoush, and my name is Mordecai;  
 And I cheated all the world, in spite of whipping-post or stocks,  
 For I never sticks for trifles when dere's monies in de way;  
 I had good gold rings of copper gilt, and so I got my bread,  
 With sealing wax of brick-dust, and pencils without lead,

In my pickpack, nicknack, shimcrack,—ticktack,  
 tinklum tee,

And de shining chink to clink is de moosick still  
 for me.

To make up goods the cheaper, some people steal the stuff,  
 And by selling of good bargains they never want for trade  
 But I cou'd always find the way to sell them cheap enough,  
 As you know 'tis quite as easy for to steal them ready made:  
 And though I'm not a Christians, I should think it very great  
 sin,

When a stranger comes across me, if I would not take him in—

With my pickpack, &c.

---

 The Jew in Grain.
 

---

Or suppose I do the business of a doctor or a priest,  
 And in want of my assistances a poor man sent for me,  
 As in doing of my duty I would mind myself at least,  
 If I spy a good fat piece of pork and he could give no fee;  
 He may think I would refuse it, bless my soul he is mistaken,  
 I cou'd sell it, if not eat it, so that would not save his bacon.

With my pickpack, &c.

Or if I was a judge or a justice of the peace,  
 Whenever prosecutors brings a thief before the bench,  
 If they swear upon the book till they all was black in the  
 face,

Let the prisoner *use good arguments*, a fig for evidence;  
 But if the rogue was pennyless, my work I wou'd go through,  
 As my conscience wou'd not let me rob the gallows of it's  
 due.

With my pickpack, &c.

Or suppose I was in Parliament, the scheme I wou'd propose,  
 So sure as I'm a Smoush and my name is Mordecai,  
 Wou'd be like the little ploughboy, "To sell my ayes and  
 noes,"

For I hever sticks for trifles when there's monies in the  
 way;  
 And before I wou'd stand out, where there's plenty of the  
 pelf,  
 If the devil was the purchaser, py Cog I'd sell myself,

With my pickpack, nicknack, shimcrack,—ticktack,  
 tinklum tee,

And de shining clink to chink, is de moosick still  
 for me.



---

Apology for an Ode to New Year's Day.

---

AN APOLOGY FOR AN ODE TO NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Written before Breakfast, on the First of January, one Thousand Seven  
Hundred and Ninety Nine.

THE *Quondam* Year his course hath run,  
And witness'd his last setting sun ;  
All past and gone his round of days,  
Time's sceptre he no longer sways ;  
His fleeting calendar is flown,  
His almanack is useless grown ;  
Strip'd of his state, he quits the chair,  
Retiring, like an old Lord Mayor !  
But though retir'd, no more to rule,  
Nor grace the gladd'ning feast of YULE,  
Futurity shall hail his fame,  
And laud his well remember'd name ;  
An post-existent honors wait,  
On seventeen hundred ninety eight !  
A year which dawn'd with big portents,  
A year which teem'd with vast events ;  
When trembling Europe shrunk aghast,  
At future dreads and horrors past ;  
While blood-stain'd Gallic fiends gave law,  
And, tow'ring, kept the world in awe !  
Resistless arms, their ceaseless brag,  
Till humbled by Britannia's flag,  
And doom'd, on Egypt's distant coast,  
To share the fate of Pharoah's host !  
So may each Jehu charioteer,  
Like Pharoah, in his proud career,  
Or, Phaeton like, be headlong hurl'd,  
And, by his fall, rejoice the world !  
While Nelson's deeds, from age to age,  
Adorning time's recording page,  
Shall fame resound, from shore to shore,  
And spread, 'till time shall be no more !

---

 Apology for an Ode to New Year's Day.—The New School for Manners.
 

---

O may He soon repeat the blow,  
 And Gallia's spight and pride lay low;  
 That war and waste of blood may cease,  
 And England bless the world with peace!  
 Which to secure, may England's sons,  
 While through the glass the quicksand runs,  
 Shun, ere the Warning Cock crows thrice;  
 The quicksands and the rocks of vice;  
 And, PETER like, with joint accord,  
 Cry, "Save us, or we perish, Lord!"  
 So may we drown a nation's fears,  
 In a repentant nation's tears;  
 So may we hope, the rising year,  
 May brighter than the past appear;  
 And HE, from whom the sunshine springs,  
 May "rise with healing on his wings,"  
 Revive the drooping olive spray,  
 And sweep all human broils away.



## THE NEW SCHOOL FOR MANNERS.

**L**ORD Spencer, who rul'd at the Adm'ralty Board,  
 One Summer, on board the King's Yatcht,  
 With his friend, my Lord Howe, was exchanging a word,  
 While each on his head kept his hat.  
 When a Tar to his messmate said, "Twig, brother Ned,  
 That fresh-water fellow, so trim,  
 To the Amburral talks, with his hat on his head,  
 Without lifting his paw to the brim!"  
 "Why what of all that? (says the other, quite cool,)  
 Such a sight is no wonder to me;  
 For how should the lubber learn Manners, you fool,  
 When you know he was never at Sea"

E

---

To Be or Not to Be.

---

## TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

A Vocal Paraphrase on Hamlet's Soliloquy.

**I**N Shakspeare's all-enlight'nig school,  
 Where wit and wisdom equal shine,  
 Where genius spurns at fett'ring rule,  
 And, tow'ring, soars to heights divine;  
 The Royal Hamlet, wrapt in thought,  
 On freedom's pow'r, and fate's decree,  
 The Question, with importance fraught,  
 He states, "To be, or not to be be."

Now pond'ring if the noble mind,  
 Shou'd tamely suffer fortune's frown,  
 Or treat her as a mistress kind,  
 Whose smiles our tend'rest wishes crown;  
 Or, when in dire and troublous siege,  
 Strong ills assail, like hostile foes,  
 'Twere best to take up arms in rage,  
 Her slings and arrows to oppose.

Revolving then, What 'tis to die,  
 He says, 'to sleep,' and nothing more;  
 And if from tears it clears each eye,  
 And eases hearts that ach'd before;  
 Ending at once each cank'ring grief,  
 To which devoted flesh is heir,  
 That sleep which brings such sweet relief,  
 Will soon be yours, ye sons of care!

To sleep;—But then, perchance, to dream;  
 'Ay, there's the rub,' dark doubt replies;  
 For whips, and stings, and fire, and flame,  
 And widows' moans, and orphans' cries,

---

---

To Be or Not To Be.—The Quadruped Rope Dancer.

---

---

Oppression's yoke, pride's rankling gall,  
 Love's pangs despis'd, and law's delay,  
 A bodkin's point might end them all,  
 But for that DREAM, which bars the way!

Then, till we quit this mortal coil,  
 To reach that undiscover'd bourne,  
 Where terminates all human toil,  
 And whence no trav'ller can return;  
 Let smiling hope expand the breast,  
 And all from doubt and dread be free;  
 Since Jove has order'd for the best,  
 Whate'er's To Be or Not To Be.

THE QUADRUPED ROPE-DANCER.

**I**F History tells truth, and who can doubt it?  
 For of truths past we should know none without it;  
 Near Dublin's famous town, or city if you please,  
 For THIS or THAT's pronounc'd with equal ease,  
 A house was kept by Doctor Sheridan,  
 As pleasant as the Bull at Meriden;  
 And it was *Quilca* call'd,  
 By wits and bards extoll'd,  
 Where *Swift* often chas'd the swift hours away,  
 With arch vivid satire, in humorous lay;  
 And *Boyle*, who oft with flow of soul boil'd over,  
 The cud of science chew'd, as cows chew clover!  
 But what was more than all we've said,  
 Here science held her spring and head;  
 And here the Doctor train'd a flock  
 Of whipsters, to trace *Hic Hæc Hoc*,  
 And all the various turns and windings find  
 Of conjugated verbs, and nouns declin'd.

E 2

---

The Quadruped Rope Dancer.

---

But every day,  
 This was his way,  
     “A time to play,”  
     “A time to pray.”

And the Doctor exacted as strict a decorum,  
 In both, as, “ Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum.”  
 For he scouted *Horse-play*, disapprov'd of *Horse-play*'rs,  
 And it can't be suppos'd he was fond of *Horse-pray*'rs.

Yet so it hap'd, one morn at matin,  
 That near the desk a youngster sat in,  
 The bell-rope of the school was hung,  
 By which the boys to pray'rs were rung,  
 And as from cieling it dépended,  
 A Rat from hole at top descended,

More nimbly than a lamplighter, I trow,  
     Eager to seize,  
     A piece of cheese,  
 From pupils pocket dropt on floor below.  
 At sight so droll, the stripling star'd,  
     And writh'd and wrigg'l'd,  
     Grinn'd and gigg'l'd,

And before one short prayer was gone through half,  
     Each young sportive brat,  
     Pointing plump at the rat,

Drown'd all devotion—in a loud horse laugh !

The Rat was scared, and scour'd away,  
 The Doctor stared in wild dismay ;

And, casting his eyes round the school,  
 Demanded, what rogue, and what fool,  
 In one culprit was he, who had dar'd lead the way,  
 Thus to tempt the whole flock from their duty to stray ?  
 And quite inflam'd with wrath, his rev'rence swore,  
 (*Swore as devoutly as he Pray'd before,*)

“ That unless their RING-LEADER was quickly made known,  
 “ Their B—ms one and all for his crime should atone.

---

 The Quadruped Rope Dancer.—The Sentimental Tar.
 

---

When lo! to save from birch the rest,  
 The poor lost sheep his crime confest;  
 Confess'd that with fun he so strangely was struck,  
 At the sight of a Rat, that he laugh'd as if stuck!

"Hoist him up," says the Doctor, "more fun for the dunce,  
 "As I'll make him confess he's been struck more than once!  
 "For if *Rats* with *One Tail* can make fun, I opine,  
 "There is more to be made with a *Cat* that has *Nine*.  
 "Nor aught shall save his crupper from the rod,  
 "Unless some doggrel, pointed queer and odd,  
 "Hit off, *impromptu*, he can now produce,  
 "Twixt birch and breech to expedite a truce."

"O then", Pill Garlick, quick reply'd,  
 "Let not a Cat's tail score my bide,  
 "Because a Rat for want of stairs,  
 "Came down a rope to spoil our pray'rs.—  
 "Thus pardon I implore from you  
 "EXTEMP'RE, and EXTRUMP'RE too!

This well-tim'd wagery drew mercy down,  
 And full forgiveness,—scal'd with half-a-crown.

---

 THE SENTIMENTAL TAR.—A SONG.

NOW we're launch'd on the world,  
 With our sails all unfurl'd,  
 'Fore the wind; down the tide proudly posting;  
 May the voyage of life,  
 Free from tempest and strife,  
 Prove as calm as a smooth water coasting;  
 But should some sudden squall,  
 Incidental to all,



---

The Sentimental Tar.

---

Rouse up reason to reef every sail,  
May it be your's and my lot,  
To have such a pilot,  
When passion increases the gale.

For to what point soe'er  
Of the compass we steer,  
While the helm still obeys her direction,  
'Tis as clear as the light,  
That the sports of the night,  
Will not shrink from the morning's reflection;  
And when rest or refreshment  
Succeeds work or play,  
Of enjoyment from both to be certain;  
May true friendship's hand  
Draw the cork ev'ry day,  
And true love ev'ry night draw the curtain.

But blow high, or blow low!  
Let it rain, freeze, or snow,  
And clay-cold and wet should our birth be;  
The lamb newly shorn,  
Shews the blast may be borne,  
Let our station on sea or on earth be;  
And as poor Robin Red-breast  
Will chirp on the spray,  
Almost stripp'd by the frost of each feather;  
May a conscience as clear  
As the sun at noon day,  
Keep us warm in the coldest of weather.



---

---

The Exciseman's Disaster.

---

---

## THE EXCISEMEMAN'S DISASTER:

A true and dismal Ditty, to the Tune of Chevy Chase.

**G**OD prosper long our noble selves,  
Our wives and children all;  
And grant, in pits of wayward elves,  
Nor we nor they may fall.

To gauge the bub, and sound the cask,  
Old Dipstick took his way;  
Employ'd in Supervisor's task,  
All on a summer's day.

With ink-horn hung to button-hole,  
And eke in pouch his book,  
He once upon a tanner stole,  
His hides to overlook.

For strict the Statute was, he knew,  
If skins illegal went;  
And twelve hours notice (WHEN HE DREW)  
Neglected, caus'd extent.

When, omen dire! at high noon tide,  
Whisk'd o'er his head a bat;  
And, heedless, casting eyes aside,  
He plumpt into a vat!

"Murder! I'm drown'd! old Dipstick cry'd,  
While flound'ring like a trout;  
A death like this I can't abide,  
Help! murder! drag me out!"

When, lo! the tanner straightway came,  
And thus deriding spoke:  
"To break the laws I'll bear no blame,  
So there you needs must soak;

---

---

The Exciseman's Disaster.

---

---

For ere one hide I dare to draw  
From out one tan-pit here,  
Twelve hours full notice, by the law,  
On 'cise book must appear;

So take your pen and mark it down,  
Tis fair and legal warning;  
And, as 'tissix i'th afternoon,  
I'll come at six i'th morning;

And then, if here, alive or dead,  
My word you need not doubt,  
Of all excheq'ring free from dread,  
I'll draw your Hodsack out."

" Twelve hours ! (quoth Dip) O ! curse the laws !  
No notice shall be taken ;  
I'll burn my books, so do not pause,  
But help and save my bacon."

When, lo ! a mastiff, strong and young,  
Of Newfoundland the breed,  
Into the barky pickling sprung,  
And prov'd poor Dip's God speed :

For, fast'ning on him by the hair,  
He dragg'd him out amain ;  
So Death, for once, his prey did spare,  
Though seldom in such vein.

But harder was the tanner's heart  
Than bull's or bullock's hide,  
Nor would he with the gauger part  
From off the tan-pit's side,

---

---

The Exciseman's Disaster.—The Mulberry Tree.

---

---

Till book was burnt, and entries all,  
“ For, now (says he) all's over,  
You next may seek, at duty's call,  
To exchequer honest Rover.”

And thus, of all accounts bereav'd,  
Poor Dipstick wail'd his case,  
For though, 'tis true, his life was sav'd,  
Alas! he lost his place.

God prosper long our noble selves,  
Our wives and children all;  
And grant, in pits of such like elves,  
Nor we nor they may fall.

THE MULBERRY TREE.—A SONG.

THE sweet briar grows in the merry green Wood,  
Where the musk-rose diffuses its perfume so free,  
But the blight often seizes both blossom and bud,  
While the mildew flies over the Mulberry Tree.

In the nursery rear'd, like the young tender vine,  
Mankind of all orders and every degree,  
First crawl on the ground, then spring up like the pine,  
And some branch and bear fruit like the Mulberry Tree.

To the fair Tree of Knowledge some twine like a twig,  
While some sappy sprouts with its fruit disagree,  
For which we from birch now and then pluck a sprig,  
Which is not quite so sweet as the Mulberry Tree.

---

 The Mulberry Tree.—The Tree of Liberty.
 

---

The vast Tree of Life we all eagerly climb,  
 And impatiently pant at its high top to be;  
 Though five out of ten are lopp'd off in their prime,  
 And they drop like dead leaves from the Mulberry Tree.

Or, like weeping willows, we hang down the head,  
 When poor wither'd elders we're destin'd to be;  
 And we're minded no more than mere logs when we're dead,  
 Or the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

But under the shade of the Cypress or Yew,  
 Our trunks in the churchyard transplanted must be;  
 And we know no more when they their bloom will renew,  
 Than the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

Yet, like Lignum Vitæ, we Hearts of Oak wear,  
 Or the Cedar that keeps from the canker-worm free,  
 While the Vine juice we drain, to dissolve ev'ry care,  
 Like the dew that flies over the Mulberry Tree.

---

 THE TREE OF LIBERTY.
 

---

**B**EHOLD the wide spread baleful sprout,  
 Of Hell's detested soil;  
 Thence brought by Baal's apostate rout,  
 Earth's offspring to embroil.

Of ev'ry woe the pregnant germ,  
 Of ev'ry curse the root;  
 With guilt's corrosive cankerworm.  
 Empois'ning all its fruit.

Whose ev'ry leaf presents a page,  
 Unrival'd since the flood;  
 Recording Frenchmen's murd'rous rage,  
 And thirst for human blood.

---

 The Tree of Liberty.—The Soldier Lad.
 

---

Infernal bramble, falsely nam'd,  
 Thy worse than Stygian shade,  
 By sons of darkness only fam'd,  
 Flies Freedom's cheerful glade !

The haunt of slaves in midnight gloom,  
 The slaves of vice alone ;  
 To crown their orgies be thy doom,  
 For thou art all their own !

While Liberty, whose sacred laws,  
 Bar covert guile and strife,  
 By Virtue's code her vot'ries draws,  
 HER Tree, the Tree of LIFE !

---

 THE SOLDIER LAD
 

---

FRA THE BONKS O'THE DEE.—A SONG.

OF aw the Lads in Aberdeen,  
 The de'el a word but truth I tell,  
 That lightly tript it o'er the green,  
 Young Soudy bore awa the bell ;  
 Young Soudy, wha, my mither dear,  
 His wife and helpless bairn to feed,  
 A soldier went, and without fear,  
 By sword or gun to smart or bleed.

For on the road he blythely sang,  
 We'll troop together aw, Sir,  
 And where's the dastard chiel that wad na  
 Wade through frast and snaw, Sir,  
 Where's the mon, in British lond,  
 That weed na stond or faw, Sir,  
 By all that's dear in life,—his wife,  
 His bonny bairns and aw, Sir.

---

The Soldier Lad fra the Bonks o'the Dee.

---

But as the fate of war decreed,  
 He in the field of glory fell;  
 With laurels blooming on his head,  
 And bad us baith a lang farewel:  
 With grief my mither pin'd and dy'd,  
 Left me a soldier's life to lead:  
 But soon I got a bonny bride,  
 With bairns to keep up Sony's breed.  
 And then to them I sang in turn,  
 We'll troop, &c.

We beat the march from toon to toon,  
 We sling the bairns apick apack;  
 And when on beds of straw laid doon,  
 At galling rubs we ne'er look back;  
 The world's a camp, each hoose a tent,  
 The soldier sleeps in quarters free;  
 Gang here or there, he pays no rent,  
 And that's the life for Meg and me.  
 For still we beat the march and sing,  
 We'll troop, &c.

Our geer within a knapsack lies,  
 And as for pelf we need nae purse:  
 Our wants to-day the day supplies,  
 And let the morrow tak its course:  
 We meet our hardships with a smile,  
 And snap our thumbs at blade and ball:  
 Nor fear to face the funeral pile  
 That in a blaze might whelm us all!

But while possess'd of life and limb,  
 We'll troop together aw, Sir,  
 And where's the dastard chiel that wad na  
 Wade through frast and snaw, Sir,  
 Where's the mon, in British lond,  
 That weed na stond or faw, Sir,  
 By aw that's dear in life,—his wife,  
 His bonny bairns and aw, Sir.

## STANZAS,

Written Extempore, on reading an Account of the extraordinary  
Virtues of GOWLAND'S LOTION, and the numberless Testimonies  
of its infallible Effects, in removing all Eruptions on the Surface of  
the Skin.

THY Lotion, GOWLAND, well we know,  
Is priz'd as Beauty's friend;  
And he who ne'er was Beauty's foe,  
Its virtues must defend !

Cutaneous cankers 'twill subdue,  
Eruptive blemish quell;  
Scorbutic blotch of purple hue,  
With healing pow'r dispel !

Remove the foul Bardolphian blain,  
Which, rip'ning, wounds the eye !  
Expunge the red-streak sanguine stain,  
The Bacchant's rubic dye !

Health's vivid glow, (unflush'd with glare,  
Which morbid aspects gleam,)  
It tempers with the lily fair,  
To brighten Beauty's beam !

These are its pow'rs,—confest ! admir'd !  
To this extends their sway;  
Ah me ! My Muse would fain, untir'd,  
Pursue the plauding lay !

But while thy smooth Lixivium laves  
A tainted fly-blown skin ;  
Nor scours the scurf which still depraves,  
And vitiates all within !



---

Stanzas, on Gowland's Lotion.—Justification.

---

Nor hot rebellion of the blood,  
 Can thy ablution cool;  
 Nor check that froward headlong flood,  
 Which mocks weak Reason's rule!

Nor Cacoethes of the Soul,  
 Nor Scurvy of the Heart,  
 Can thy detergent Wash controul,  
 Nor ease its rankling smart!

But, unrestor'd, the Lazar still,  
 Still wails a blister'd mind,  
 Nor can thy mundifying skill,  
 For THAT—one Nostrum find!

New varnish'd clay may proudly boast,  
 How dizen'd o'er the soil;  
 While mental mildew keeps its post,  
 And mocks the Emp'ric's toil.

— — — — —

### JUSTIFICATION.

A Farmer once, who wanted much  
 A sturdy husbandman;  
 And One, well qualified as such,  
 To suit his thrifty plan:

One who was sparing at his meat,  
 And sparing in his drink:  
 And, daily taskwork to complete,  
 Would never flinch or shrink;

Induc'd a Clodpole to apply,  
 Commended by a neighbour,  
 As "Never hungry, never dry,  
 "Nor ever tir'd of labour!"

---

Justification.

---

But soon, when hir'd, and set to work,  
He prov'd, to crown the Bam,  
As lazy as a cross-legg'd Turk,  
Yet, Turkey-like, he'd cram !

For bacon-rack was quickly shrunk,  
So well he fill'd his dish ;  
And soon the cellar's stock was sunk,  
He'd drink so like a fish !

Which made Old Squeezum rail and rave,  
Against his neighbour Muggs :  
To bubble him, like a lying Knave,  
With three such damn'd humbugs !

You, " Never hungry ! Ne'er athirst !  
" Of working never tir'd !"  
I wish that both your skins had burst,  
Ere such a pest I hir'd.

Hold, Zar, says Hobnail, doant ye vly  
In such a deadly twoddle :  
If Measter Muggs have tould a lie,  
Then vairy crack my noddle.

Vor I do never hungry be,  
Before my guts I vill,  
And drowth do never trouble me,  
Bevore I gets a zwill.

And I did never work purzue,  
Till tir'd or overheated ;  
Zo Measter Muggs have tould ye true,  
And you have not been checated.

---

Homer and Virgil cram'd in a Nut Shell.

---

## HOMER AND VIRGIL CRAMM'D IN A NUT SHELL;

OR, THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY.—A SONG.

I Sing of a siege at which Legions were lost,  
And a town that ten years did more thumping sustain,  
Than the sturdy old Rock of Gibraltar could boast,  
When beleaguer'd by all the proud bullies of Spain :  
When young Helen, the wife of the Monarch of Sparta,  
To keep up the gig which her head ran upon,  
As she always contended for Love's Magna Charta.  
Resolv'd to indulge in a little Crim. Con.

As the Dame chose with Paris to take her full swing,  
And to stir both her stumps but she'd stick to her joy ;  
Her Lover and she hopp'd the twig and took wing,  
And they fled, like two sparrows, from Sparta to Troy ;  
So, to loggerheads then went the Trojans and Greeks,  
And like Devils they fought while the Gods they look'd  
on ;  
Till, at last, they were rous'd by their frolicks and freaks,  
And to crown the confusion, took part, Pro and Con !

Though Juno had got the best end of the staff,  
And though Mars look'd as bluff as Bellona look'd blue,  
Venus took up the cudgels in Beauty's behalf,  
And their Godships were all in a strange Hub bub booh !  
But Pallas, who sprung out of Jupiter's knob,  
Whipping on little Diomed's duds in a trice,  
In her cunning contriv'd an unmerciful jobb,  
And kill'd Trojans as fast as a cat can kill mice !

Achilles too, back'd by his Myrmidons all,  
When of stout Hector's blood he had spilt a full pail,  
His carcase he wantonly dragg'd round the wall,  
Like a dog with a cannister ty'd to his tail !

---

Homer & Virgil cram'd in a Nut-shell.—How Troy might have been saved.

---

And Ulysses, so crafty at cutting of throats,  
 Having found a contrivance the Trojans to flog,  
 Stuff a horse full of men, as you'd stuff him with oats,  
 And you'll say, for a horse, that was comical prog !

But at night the grim devils got out of their hole,  
 With their brimstone and matches, and torches and  
 tinder,  
 And down in the street, by a ladder, they stole,  
 Having bargain'd to burn ev'ry soul to a cinder :—  
 Old Priam, the King, then, jump'd out of his bed,  
 While, instead of a robe, in an old blanket clad,  
 The Queen ran about with a clout on her head,  
 And, poor soul, she cry'd " Fire", as if she was mad !

But Eneas, who 'scap'd with his Sire and Son,  
 While beholding the flames, cry'd the comical codger,  
 " The Landlord, by this, may, perhaps, be undone,  
 " But 'tis nothing to me, for I am but a Lodger":—  
 And for Helen, she manag'd the matter so well,  
 That, a Phoenix in Beauty, she still rul'd the roast ;  
 For her Spouse hid his horns, like a snail in the shell,  
 And, without being BURNT, she was always a TOAST !



### HOW TROY MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED,

Written on seeing Miss FARREN, (now Lady DERBY,) perform the  
 Part of Lady Teazle.

THE Bard in fiction's strains hath sung,  
 How erst the Trojan boy,  
 By beauty's wiles decoy'd, when young,  
 Provok'd the fate of TROY :

---

How Troy might have been saved.

---

And how on Juno's stately charms  
He glanc'd a scowling eye ;  
And Pallas, Queen of Arts and Arms,  
He pass'd contemptuous by :

But Venus, arm'd with beauty's power,  
Which beam'd with dazzling blaze,  
To her, in one ill-fated hour,  
He tun'd his votive lays !

And while the fair Hesperian fruit  
Each Goddess deem'd her own,  
Yielding to Love's resistless suit,  
He judg'd it her's alone !

And thence arose, from Juno's ire,  
And stern Minerva's gall,  
The blown-up train of hostile fire,  
Which caus'd old Illium's fall.

But had those daughters of the skies,  
Who form'd the rival three,  
And one poor apple made the prize,  
To ground Contention's plea ;

Had they, while sporting all the spells  
Of Power, of Wit, and Love,  
But known one nymph, whose train excels  
The Peacock, Owl, and Dove ;\*

Who, blending dignity with grace,  
In FARREN's matchless form,  
Unites the charms of mind and face,  
And takes our hearts by storm ;

\* The Birds of Argiva, Pylotis, and Paphia.

---

How Troy might have been saved.—A Crust for the Quorum.

---

The Trine celestial strait had fled  
 The field, with one accord;  
 And own'd, THREE Prizes should, instead  
 Of ONE, been her award!

For power to please, and wit to charm,  
 With beauty's peerless sway,  
 Had stamp'd her claim, and, free from harm,  
 Might TROY have stood this day.

### A CRUST FOR THE QUORUM;

OR, A WORSHIPFUL WISEACRE FAIRLY FOIL'D.

"He who at words is apt to nibble,

"May find a crack-jaw in a quibble"

EVENING BRUSH, Part 2.

ONCE an old country Squaretoes, to fopp'ry a foe,  
 And disgusted alike at a crop and a beau,  
 Being churchwarden made, was in office so strict,  
 That there scarce was a coat but a hole in't he pick'd;  
 Infringements, encroachments, and trespasses scouting,  
 And from stradling the tombstones the boys daily routing;  
 At last made a Justice, corruption to purge,  
 His Worship became both a nuisance and scourge:  
 When a poor needy neighbour, who kept a milch Ass,  
 Which he often turn'd into the church-yard for grass,  
 And with long ears and tail o'er the graves did he stray,  
 While, perchance, now and then at bystanders he'd bray;  
 One day as Old Midas was passing along,  
 He set up his pipes at his brother, Ding, dong!  
 At which his puff'd pride was so stung to the quick,  
 That he glar'd at the browser as stern as Old Nick;  
 And when he got home for the Sexton he sent,  
 Who with this doughty threat to the Ass-keeper went,

---

A Crust for the Quorum.—Date Obolum Belisario.

---

That again should his beast the Churchwarden assail,  
 Or be seen in the church-yard—he'd cut off his Tail.  
 When the Owner replied—"Sure his Worship but jeers;  
 But should he dock Donky—I'll cut off his EARS."  
 When no sooner the answer was brought to him back,  
 But he summon'd before him the Clown in a crack;  
 And he said, "Thou vile Varlet, how comes it to pass,  
 That thou dar'st for to threaten to crop a Just-ass?  
 Thou cut off MY EARS?—Make his Mittimus, Clerk;  
 I'll make an example of this precious spark:  
 But first reach me down the Black Act,—he shall see  
 That, the next Lent Assizes, he'll swing on a tree."  
 "I zwing on a tree!—And for what," replies Hob,  
 "How the Dickens caame zuch a streange freak in your  
 knob?  
 "I woanly but zaid, if my Ass met your sheers,  
 "And You cut off his Tail, that I'd cut off his EARS;  
 "Vor as long Tails, you think, is the mark of a Fop,  
 "I'd ha' done't, to have made'n completely a Crop."  
 At this subtle rejoinder, his Worship, struck dumb,  
 Found his proud overbearing was quite overcome;  
 So the Ass sav'd his Tail by a quibble so clever,  
 And the Justice's Ears are now longer than ever.



## DATE OBOLUM BELISARIO.

O! Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded!  
 How much to thy shame thy caprice is recorded!  
 As the Wise, Brave, and Good of thy frowns seldom 'shape  
 any,  
 Witness brave Belisarius, who beg'd for a halfpenny!

"Date Obolum, Date Obolum,

"Date Obolum Belisario."

---

 Date Obolum Belisario.
 

---

He whose fame from his valour and vict'ries arose,—Sir,  
 Of his country the shield and the scourge of her foes,—Sir,  
 By his poor faithful dog, blind and aged was led,—Sir,  
 With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his bread,—Sir !

“ Date Obolum,”—&c.

When a young Roman Knight in the street passing by, Sir,  
 The vet'ran survey'd with a heart-rending sigh, Sir,  
 And a purse in his helmet he drop'd, with a tear, Sir,  
 While the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear, Sir ;

“ Date Obolum,”—&c.

“ I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome, Sir,  
 “ I have crown'd her with laurels, for ages to bloom, Sir,  
 “ I've augmented her wealth, swell'd her pride and her  
   power, Sir:  
 “ I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dower, Sir !

“ Date Obolum,”—&c.

“ Yet blood never wantonly wasted at random,  
 “ Losing thousands their lives with a “ *Nil desperandum !*”  
 “ But each conquest I gain'd, I made both friend and foe  
   know,  
 “ That my soul's only aim was “ *Pro publico bono.*”

“ Date Obolum,”—&c.

“ Nor yet for my friends, for my kindred or self, Sir,  
 “ Has my glory been stain'd with the base views of pelf, Sir,  
 “ But for all, near or dear, I've so far been from carving,  
 “ Old and blind, I've no choice but of begging or starving

“ Date Obolum,”—&c.



---

Date Obolum Belisario.—On a Flash in the Pan from a Military Pop-Gun.

---

“ Let the brave then when hurl'd from their bright elevation,  
 “ Learn and smile, though reduc'd to a slave's degradation,  
 “ And of eye-sight bereft, they, like me, grope their way, Sir,  
 “ *The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to day, Sir,*  
 “ Date Obolum,”—&c.

“ For though to distress and to darkness inur'd,—Sir,  
 “ In this vile crust of clay when no longer immur'd,—Sir,  
 “ From the lorn vale of tears they triumphant shall rise, Sir,  
 “ And see all earthly glory eclips'd in the skies,—Sir.\*

“ Date Obolum, Date Obolum,

“ Date Obolum Belisario.”

\* We are free to confess, that the word, “SIR,” has an awkward appearance at the end of so many lines, in this Song: but the plain truth is, that the TUNE requires it; and as we cannot fill up its MEASURE without it, we must acknowledge, that like Master Stephen's appeal to St. Peter, it is introduced merely “TO MAKE UP THE METRE.”

—————

### ON A FLASH IN THE PAN FROM A MILITARY POP-GUN.

**A** Brainless young Crimp, with an upcocking snout;  
 Was one day in a Coffee-house prating;  
 And while about battles he made a great rout,  
 And his prowess most highly was rating;

A stranger who stood pretty near to the prig,  
 And of nonsense had had a full dose;  
 Said, “ Sir, tho' of guns you've drawn many a trig,  
 “ Pray don't cock your nose quite so close.

“ Cock his nose, and why not? says a droll Stander-by,  
 “ On his feats he has nobly enlarg'd;  
 “ But his nose, cock'd and prim'd, you may safely defy,  
 “ For I'm sure that his head is not charg'd.”

## THE NAVAL SUBALTERN.

**B**EN Block was a vet'ran of naval renown,  
And renown was his only reward;  
For the BOARD still neglected his merits to crown,  
As no int'rest he held with my Lord!

Yet brave as Old Benbow was sturdy old Ben,  
And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar!  
When the death-dealing broadside made worm's meat of men,  
And the scuppers were streaming with gore!

Nor could a Lieutenant's poor stipend provoke  
The staunch Tar to despise scanty prog;  
But his biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,  
And drown care in a jorum of grog!

Thus year after year, in a subaltern state,  
Poor Ben for his King fought and bled;  
'Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,  
And the hair from his temples had fled.

When, on humbly saluting, with Sineiput bare,  
The first Lord of the Adm'ralty once;  
Quoth his Lordship, "Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair,  
Since I last had a peep at your sconce!"

"Why, My Lord"—repli'd Ben,—“It with truth may be  
said,

“While a bald pate I long have stood under;

“There have so many Captains walk'd over my head,

“That to see me quite *scalp'd*, 'twere no wonder!”

---



---

 Nothing without the Needful.
 

---



---

## NOTHING WITHOUT THE NEEDFUL.

**H**E who in business trusts a friend,  
 And stints the means must miss the end ;  
 As fools, who useful forms contemn,  
 The ARGUMENTUM slight, ad REM ;  
 That Argument which best will speak,  
 While int'rest binds and blood will break ;  
 For friends will flinch, and off will fall,  
 If wanting—What makes Friends of all.  
     This maxim, no less true than stale,  
     Confirm we by a homespun tale.

A Quaker, whose extended trade,  
 Full oft requir'd his pers'nal aid  
 In foreign marts, and distant climes,  
 To guard his means in troubl'ous times,  
 And with his dealers strict to scan,  
 How balance stood 'twixt man and man,  
 To Asia's distant shore was bound,  
 Nor shrunk to cross the Vast Profound ;  
 But bade adieu to kif and kin,  
 With decent shrug and sober grin ;  
 Eager to brave the boist'rous main,  
 And combat winds and waves for gain :  
 When one old Friend, among the rest,  
 Ventur'd to make a small request ;  
 That, as on India's coast so fair,  
 Bargains abound both rich and rare,  
 A brace of hundreds he'd expend,  
 To purchase bargains for his Friend ;  
 Which, when in safety home convey'd,  
 With punctual care should be repaid.

A suit so fair, this answer won,—  
 “ No more.—*Tby business, Friend, is done.*”

*This* Friend dispatch'd, *another* came,  
Whose modest boon was just the same;  
*Another* and *another* still,  
To grind their grist at Neighbour's Mill,  
Whom they conceiv'd a simple soul,  
That never dreamt of taking toll;  
As all were answer'd, one by one,  
"No more,—*Tby business, Friend, is done:*"  
An answer 'twas conclusive too,  
For none he never meant to do.  
At last came one of Barclay's Band,  
With brace of hundreds in *his hand*:  
"This bag contains that sum," quoth he,  
"And prithee Lay that out for *ME*."  
Which suit this *different* answer won,  
"*Good Friend, THY bus'ness SHALL be done.*"

Twice ten months spent on India's strand,  
Friend Prim regain'd his native land;  
When numbers question'd "What he'd bought 'em,"  
And numbers hop'd "He'd not forgot 'em;"  
To which no answer he could find,  
But "*Pyes upon that Puff of Wind.*"  
"*Pyes on that Puff of Wind,*" cried they,  
"Friend, dost thou know what thou dost say?"

"Too well!" the subtle wight rejoind,  
"From me, that puff your names purloin'd:  
"Names, upon scraps of paper wrote,  
"With all your orders did I note;  
"When lo! one Equinoctial Day,  
"On quarter-deck I listless lay,  
"And under awning shunn'd the glare,  
"While scarce a zephyr stirr'd the air;

G

---

Nothing without the Needful.—The State of France, in the Year, 1795.

---

“ Each sep’rate scrap before me laid,  
 “ Each well-known name I then survey’d;  
 “ Read your commands, my pride t’ obey,  
 “ When lo ! One Puff swept all away ;  
 “ All, except One, which kept its ground,  
 “ Being loaded with Two Hundred Pound !  
 “ That pond’rous sum was plac’d thereon,  
 “ Or, with the rest, THAT must have gone !  
 “ Remembrance flew with that which fled,  
 “ And all went out of this poor head ;  
 “ Remembrance cleav’d to that which staid,  
 “ And all HIS orders I’ve obey’d :  
 “ Ere I set sail ’twas so decreed,  
 “ Accept the Will, then, for the Deed.  
 “ Thus Deed for Deed is paid in kind,  
 “ For where Love slackens, Gold will bind ;  
 “ And unsubstantial words, you find,  
 “ Are lighter than a Puff of Wind.”

THE STATE OF FRANCE, IN THE YEAR 1795.

A LESSON TO ENGLISHMEN.

**W**HEN Robbers and Cut-throats ascendancy gain,  
 And they seize on estates, when the owners they’ve slain ;  
 ’Tis a consequence common, if num’rous the gang,  
 That one half to enrich, t’other half must go hang :  
 For the proverb to prove needs no disputant pother,  
 That Thieves can but seldom be true to each other :  
 Thus the gaunt Robespierre, and his Hell-hound Adherents,  
 Like dogs eating dogs, became Gallia’s Vicegerents.  
 Yet scarce Rival Ashes had cool’d in their urns,  
 When themselves became “ Biters of Dust” in their turns.

---

The State of France, in the Year 1795.—Old Ben Block's Advice.

---

So now, after short-liv'd suspension of terror,  
 The thin cobweb veil is brush'd off from the mirror;  
 The mirror we mean, which their crimes once display'd,  
 And by which the world's eye all their vices survey'd;  
 Rent in twain; like the veil of the temple, 'tis flown,  
 And the bubble behind bursts as soon as 'tis blown!  
 For now, as before, the mock mask is thrown by,  
 And the white-plaster'd Ethiop resumes his black dye!  
 Tooth and talon employ'd, they fall foul of each other,  
 And brother and friend sacrifice friend and brother!  
 O, England! take warning from Caitiffs like those,  
 Nor think England's welfare can spring from her woes:  
 Shun the path where blind bigots in chains lead the blind,  
 Nor think to spread freedom by thinning mankind;  
 Nor desert solid blessings to grasp at a shade,  
 Nor at home draw the sword to make work for the spade!  
 The Freebooters of France have but this point in view,  
 Britons first to *Divide*, and then Britons *Subdue*;  
 And could they take wing here to pounce on their prey,  
 The vultures their harvest would make of the fray;  
 Nor the question be put, who their work had been brewing,  
 Nor a watch-word or countersign save them from ruin!  
 Then, while on the Sod, whence our Ancestors sprung,  
 To their hallow'd remains be a Requiem sung;  
 Nor let them, indignant, be rous'd from their graves,  
 To see Freedom's abuse make their Progeny slaves.

---

OLD BEN BLOCK'S ADVICE TO THE BRAVE TARS  
 OF OLD ENGLAND, A SONG.

Written at the Time of the Naval Mutiny,

**M**IND your bearings, brave boys, and beware how you  
 steer,  
 Rocks and breakers abound, shoals and quicksands are near,  
 G. 2

---

Old Ben Black's Advice to the brave Tars of Old England.

---

Nor, like fool-hardy swabs, while the surges o'erwhelm,  
Despise chart and compass, and laugh at the helm !

But, with true English Hearts, let us prove English Men,  
Ever firm, brave and ready,  
And steady, Boys—steady,  
Resolv'd to return to our Duty 'again.

Think, my Hearts, what a triumph we give to the Foe,  
And the French Dunghill Cock how we cause him to crow,  
To behold English Tars, while Old England's at stake,  
Their Country, their Glory, and Honor forsake !

Then, with true English Hearts, let us, &c.

Ev'ry grievance made known, ev'ry grievance was heal'd;  
Our petitions were granted,—our pardons were seal'd,  
And our Honor was pledg'd—(can a Sailor pledge more ?)  
That, " To gain what we crav'd, should obedience restore."

Then, with true English Hearts, let us, &c.

These palavering whisp'rers that pester our ears,  
And that warp our allegiance with doubts and with fears,  
Are set on by the Foe, and, like fiends in disguise,  
False colours they hoist, full of bugbears and lies !

But, with true English Hearts, let us, &c.

Set in case now the French were to land on our coast,  
While the Tars of Old England, that once rul'd the roast,  
Are all squabbling for straws, while our Fleets are in port,  
We should then prove the cause of their triumph and sport !

Then, with true English Hearts, let us, &c.

---

Old Ben Block's Advice.—A true Bill, deny it who can.

---

So shake off your frenzy, brave Boys, in good time,  
Nor disgrace England's flag without reason or rhyme;  
Let your gallant Commanders their stations resume,  
And good order restore, or destruction's your doom!

Then, with true English Hearts, still you'll, &c.

When the vessel's adrift and the storm blows amain,  
Unless some skilful pilot the helm can obtain,  
Davy Jones and the Devil, every Mariner knows,  
Fix their claws on the wreck—and of course—down she goes!

Then, with true English Hearts, let us prove English MEN,  
Ever firm, brave and ready,  
And—steady—Boys—steady,  
Resolv'd to return to our Duty again.



A TRUE BILL, DENY IT WHO CAN.

WHEN Foote, in the height of a long war with France,  
On the Haymarket Boards brought a Frenchman to  
dance;

“What, Sam,” says old Quin, shall a skipping Monsieur,  
“Now the French are in arms, cut his damn'd capers here?”  
“And why not?” says the Wag, since in arms they but  
vapour,  
“And we find they can *run* full as fast as they *caper*;  
“We've a right, sure, to laugh, while we lower their pegs,  
“Both *abroad* at their ARMS, and *athome* at their LEGS!”

Then Carmagnols, your nimble prance,  
On *Land* let dastards dread;  
Your Arms by *Sea* a noble dance,  
By Britons have been led!  
For *THERE*, when all your hosts unite,  
And proudly brave the fray,  
You find, you've neither *Hands* to FIGHT,  
Nor *Legs* to RUN AWAY!



---

King and Country, a Song.

---

## KING AND COUNTRY, A SONG.

WHILE heart-corroding cares infest,  
And passions' slaves deprive of rest,  
The only care that fills my breast,  
Is for my King and Country:  
'Tis THAT which clings about my heart,  
And cleaves to ev'ry vital part,  
Nor would I shrink from Death's fell dart,  
To save my King and Country !

Though France with ireful frenzy raves,  
And freedom boasts where all are slaves,  
Who fight like fools, led on by knaves,  
But not for King or Country ;  
To neither they a blessing owe,  
To us, from both, true blessings flow,  
Nor shall such catiffs overthrow  
Old England's King and Country !

But One and All shall rue the day,  
When to our Coast they bend their way,  
And Britons rouse, like lions at bay,  
To guard their King and Country ;  
To drive those hornets from our hives,  
Protect our children and our wives,  
Or, Britons like, lay down our lives  
For THEM, our King and Country !

Then France, Old England's spoils to share,  
Thy Gunboats and thy Rafts prepare,  
But of our Hearts of Oak beware,  
Who fight for King and Country :  
For ere we'll stoop to Frenchmen's thrall,  
One glorious grave shall hold us All,  
And, drench'd in blood, shall millions fall,  
Ere sell their King and Country !

## TREACHERY'S WARNING MARK :

From Moldaviva's History of Spain.

**W**HEN Medina's brave Duke, in the service of Spain,  
 Humbld'd Portugal's pride in a glorious campaign,  
 With that courage which danger nor death can dismay,  
 He invested Almeyda in hostile array,  
 And for six tedious moons laid hot sjege to the town,  
 Yet its gates could not force, nor its bulwarks beat down;  
 Bombs, mortars, and howitzers, nothing availing,  
 And vain prov'd each project of batt'ring and scaling!  
 When into the camp, at the dead midnight hour,  
 A letter was thrown from St. Anthony's Tower,  
 For such was the citadel call'd, as we're told,  
 And the superscript **THIS** "For his Grace to unfold."  
 Quick the scrawl was convey'd to the General's hand,  
 And the treach'rous contents none could misunderstand;  
 For its import amounted to nought, more or less,  
 Than that "Governor, Council, and All in their Mess,  
 "Had consulted the Stars, and had learn'd from the Fates,  
 "That a **GOLDEN** Key only could open the Gates;  
 "A Key weighing twice Twenty Thousand Piastres,  
 "Which produc'd, their stout Fortress would hail Spanish  
   Masters."  
 Those terms sign'd and seal'd, down the draw-bridges fell,  
 And gates opening wide—the Dons enter'd pell mell!  
 And when the besiegers possession had taken,  
 Those wights, who their Country and King had forsaken,  
 Consisting of Governor, Provost, Alcaide,  
 The Council and All who the bargain had made,  
 Join'd the Duke, as deserters, and hail'd him their lord,  
 Which done—they demanded their Promis'd Reward.  
 "Your Reward," quoth His Grace, "by Saint *Judas*, that's  
   true,  
 "Twere a shame, even Devils, to rob of their Due;

---

Treachery's Warning Mark.—Old England's Strength and Stay.

---

"So deal them their dole without further delay,  
 "Nor a single Piastre deduct from their pay."—  
 Forty Thousand was counted, and fairly paid down,  
 Which between them they snack'd as the price of the town!  
 But no sooner the pelf in their pockets was cramm'd,  
 Than the Duke told them Justice was not to be bamm'd;  
 So, says he, make your Wills, and appoint all your heirs,  
 Then down on your knees, my Good Friends, and to pray'rs;  
 Yonder range of Tall Pines are all pining for Fruit,  
 And such Ripe Rogues, in clusters, their branches will suit;  
 To your King you've been Traitors, you all must agree,  
 And the fault shall be mine, if you're Traitors to me:—  
 So, away with the Knaves, tuck them up in a trice,  
 To *Himself* he's a Traitor, who trusts a Rogue TWICE.

Thus, the Duke kept his faith, without fault or flaw,  
 And the Pines teem'd with Fruit that kept Traitors in Awe:  
 So may *Fate* spin a Clue, from the End of a Cord,  
 By which ev'ry Traitor may find his Reward.



### OLD ENGLAND'S STRENGTH AND STAY, A SONG.

SHOULD those Tigers and Monkies, of one mongrel race,  
 Who the whole human species, as monsters, disgrace,  
 To make Britons their prey, dare debark on our shore,  
 They shall soon feast our Crows, as the Wolves did of yore!

For the blood that now courses through Englishmen's veins,  
 From Sires crown'd with laurels by Frenchmen in chains,  
 With impatience now burns those Freebooters to foil,  
 Whom we've beat Ten to One on their own Dunghill Soil!

---

Old England's Strength and Stay.

---

And when'er on the main they've oppos'd might to might,  
If superior in force, how unequal in fight !  
As they've found, when to silence our broadsides they've  
    strove,  
They as well might repel the dread Thunders of Jove !

Eng'land's Lion once rous'd, how tremendous his roar !  
Gallia's fleet shudd'ring felt, in the year Ninety-four ;  
When the bright First of June taught proud Frenchmen to  
    bow,  
And rever'd be the memory of When, Where, and How !

And the Archives of Albion, to truth still allied,  
Whose page teems with heroes, her glory and pride,  
Ninety-seven shall record in the Annals of Fame,  
And crown Valentine's Day with a JERVIS's name !

And while Time panting toil'd to keep pace with their praise,  
Whose deeds deck'd with lustre the brightest of days,  
In the same glorious year, noble DUNCAN foreshew'd,  
That Batavia's whole Fleet would soon here find the road !

But the grand Master Stroke and the death-dealing Blow,  
Which the high pride of France in the ocean laid low,  
Was reserv'd for brave NELSON on old Egypt's Coast,  
Where it shar'd the dread fate of old Pharaoh's proud Host !

And now rous'd one and all to defend with our lives  
Our dear native land, and our children and wives,  
From the blood thirsting fangs of Barbarians so dire,  
Every Briton now pants and his soul is on fire !

Let the Corsican Fiend then with fiends in his train,  
To the white cliffs of Albion waft over the main,  
Firm as rocks will her sons such Infernals repel,  
And their Legions consign to their own native Hell !

---

Old England's Strength and Stay.—The Wise Limbs of Gotham.

---

For on Him that's All-pow'rful, All-good, and All-wise,  
 While a nation with faith and with hope still relies,  
 They securely may smile at all hostile alarms,  
 And triumphantly cope with the whole world in arms !

THE WISE LIMBS OF GOTHAM, A SONG.

Written on the Decapitation of LEWIS XVith, and the general  
 Propagation of Republican Principles.

**T**WAS in the Land of Gotham,  
 Where each profound philosopher,  
 Like " Bullum versus Boatum ;"  
 Humbugs could glibly gloss over ;  
 Each long limb—and strong limb,  
 Of one gigantic body, Sir,  
 Like sad sot, when mad got,  
 With tipling punch or toddy, Sir,  
 Began, in turn, to kick and spurn,  
 At tracks they'd long been us'd to tread ;  
 And grudge the weight, by shoulders borne,  
 Of that great lumbering thing ; a Head !

This load so vast and ponderous,  
 Themselves and all their neighbours, Sir,  
 Now found a grievance wonderful,  
 Supported by their labours, Sir !  
 Each shoulder,—grown bolder,  
 Beneath the yoke began to gall,  
 The neck too—did keck too,  
 To feel the scull stuck over all ;  
 And lungs and heart, and every part,  
 With freedom's impulse overspread,  
 Began, with staggering fear, to start,  
 At that great burden, call'd, a Head !

---

The Wise Limbs of Gotham.

---

With luxury grown pamper'd,  
For liberty's redemption, Sir,  
Hands, arms and legs, all scamper'd,  
To form a Grand Convention, Sir !  
The flesh rights, the bone rights,  
The rights of fist, the rights of foot,  
The fingers' rights, the toes' rights,  
And all the Rights of Man to boot ;  
Hips, hams, and haunch, to freedom staunch,  
Appear'd the Noddle's power to dread,  
And brawny back and greasy paunch,  
Were all for pulling down the Head !

The tongue, a fawning flatterer,  
They swore that while he lick'd so much,  
Was liberty's bespatterer,  
So he no morsel more should touch ;  
The ears too, their fears too,  
Eve's-droppers deem'd and did condemn ;  
The eyes too, were spies too,  
And prying varlets seem'd to them :  
And mouth and nose did sense disclose,  
Of taste and smell so foul, they said,  
That all decreed, 'twas wisdom's deed,  
To send them packing with the Head !

To be completely freed then,  
From all opposing fences, Sir,  
These Gothamites agreed, then,  
To get rid of their senses, Sir ;  
Equality, frivolity  
Denounc'd it, such things to retain,  
And members, no embers,  
Of sov'reign pow'r to let remain,  
An instrument did soon invent,  
To stagger every Knob with dread ;  
For at a single Chop, off went  
That frightful bugbear, call'd, a Head !

---

The Wise Limbs of Gotham.

---

But like the top-lopt oak, Sir,  
 Full many a limb once green and gay,  
 By this destructive stroke, Sir,  
 Drop'd off the trunk and died away :  
 Yet some stubbs, like young shrubs,  
 Where shallows teem with rotten shoots,  
 At spring tide, soon spread wide,  
 And where the deadly night-shade roots,  
 Uprear'd the Tree of Liberty,  
 And all its branches widely spread,  
 By which the wondering world might see,  
 That Limbs can thrive without a Head !

But as in *Java's* island,  
 The pois'nous *Upas* taints the air ;  
 Each distant, and each nigh land,  
 Does this detested bramble scare !  
 Though mad men, and bad men,  
 Like Eve allur'd by baneful fruit,  
 Would heads crop, and limbs lop,  
 To see its poison Here take root ;  
 Yet all in vain the Caitiff Train,  
 The dire contagion Here would spread,  
 For George triumphant still shall reign,  
 When lawless Traitors want a Head !

The Publication of this Song comes so long after the writing of it, that we can NOW say, " Those Gothamites have again got a Head for their necks to sustain the weight of ; and though a Head of their own choosing, it is one which their Body Politic feels ten thousand times more galling, than that which their folly, depravity, and cruelty, impelled them to detruncate at one detestable and fatal blow ! Yet such is Frenchmen's invincible effrontery, that they unblushingly boast of Republican Freedom ! But what a burlesque upon liberty ! Or rather, what a libel ! To have its sacred name debased and prostituted, by a band of Infernals who have long been slaves to the Arch Fiend himself, and who now are ruled with a Rod of Iron, by his truly diabolical Representative ! "

FRANKLIN'S RETORT UPON ROCHAMBEAU.

WHEN Washington in Congress sat,  
 As glorious Presidentum,  
 In coat unlac'd, and uncock'd hat,  
 To fops a documentum,

" That minds exalted and sublime  
 " Despise exterior show,  
 " And those who heights Olympian climb,  
 " Scorn pageant fools below."

A tawdry Frenchman, tinsel'd o'er  
 In trappings trim and gay,  
 Who, deeply vers'd in fashion's lore,  
 Outvied the popinjay,

To Franklin, sagest of the sage,  
 His vast surprise express'd,  
 That he, in life's chief part engag'd,  
 Should be so meanly dress'd;

No ribbon, star, nor gorgeous geer,  
 Nor velvet robe, nor ermine,  
 With which the Sov'reign, Prince, and Peer,  
 Outshine plebian vermin.

None, replied Franklin, with a frown,  
 Fastidious Frenchman, none :—  
 None here, Nugaton's reign to crown,  
 Hang candles round the Sun !



H



---

A Choke-Pill for Human Pride, a song.

---

A CHOKE-PILL FOR HUMAN PRIDE;

OR, THE HISTORY OF MAN, COMPRIS'D IN A SONG.

N. B. The word SIR, at the end of every other line, is inserted merely to fill up the measure in Singing; as, in Reading, it is manifestly more a blemish than a beauty.

WHEN Man first, like a blade of grass,  
 Upsprung from out the sod, Sir,  
 He for a crab-tree's fruit, alas,  
 Felt sour affliction's rod, Sir;  
 A serpent's guile through life he wail'd,  
 Being by a serpent stung, Sir,  
 Till, dust to dust, once more, he hail'd,  
 The soil from whence he sprung, Sir.  
*Of Life, how short, then, is the span,  
 How soon employ'd the spade, Sir,  
 How proud of substance upstart man,  
 How soon an empty shade, Sir!*

From Adam's down to Noah's days,  
 None can this truth deny, Sir,  
 That all mankind found means and ways,  
 T' increase and multiply, Sir;  
 Their hosts, for numbers, did surpass  
 The quicksands on the shore, Sir,  
 But quick their sands ran through the glass,  
 And now they're quick no more, Sir.  
*Of Life, how short, then, is the span, &c.*

Sire Abram's seed, by zeal when fir'd,  
 To burn up heath'nish chaff, Sir,  
 If wanting Isaac's faith, when tir'd,  
 They lean'd on Jacob's staff, Sir;  
 Corn, wine, and oil, when all at hand,  
 Could Abram's sons refuse 'em?  
 But few look'd for the Promis'd Land,  
 That's lodg'd in Abram's bosom.  
*And yet, of Life, how short, then, is the span, &c.*

---

A Choke-Pill for Human Pride, a Song.

---

Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes,  
 And Persians once so proud, Sir,  
 Though clang'ring Fame their mighty deeds  
 Proclaim'd with trump so loud, Sir,  
 Great Nimrod now, and all his race,  
 Have struck to one grim foe, Sir,  
 And Cyrus, arm'd all foes to face,  
 A woman's arm laid low, Sir.

*Alas! Of Life, how short the span, &c.*

The moon-struck Macedonian wight,  
 Who ap'd celestial sway, Sir,  
 By death confirm'd, in pride's despight,  
 His Godship was but clay, Sir,  
 For, form'd a mortal foe to peace,  
 A mortal's fate to share, Sir,  
 He prov'd, at last, a scurvy piece  
 Of brittle crock'ry ware, Sir.

*Of Life, how short, then, is the span, &c.*

The Head lies low that once uprear'd  
 The Crescent o'er the Cross, Sir,  
 And, through his past life, never fear'd  
 Of future life the loss, Sir,  
 Nor e'er did virtue sift from vice,  
 Like pure bread from the leaven, Sir,  
 But in his impious Paradise,  
 A Brothel made of Heav'n, Sir.

*Of Life, how short, then, is the span, &c.*

The breast where brav'ry knows no bound,  
 Must to the heart-ach yield, Sir,  
 Nor laurels which the head surround,  
 Can from the head-ach shield, Sir.

H 2.

---

A Choke-Pill for Human Pride, a Song.—Provident Cookery.

---

Nay, more, the bright imperial Crown,  
 Which Cæsar's brow adorns, Sir,  
 On life's last pillow, when laid down,  
 May prove a Crown of Thorns, Sir.  
*Of Life, how short, then, is the span, &c.*

Yet Monsters o'er mankind would sway,  
 Who spurn at sacred order,  
 And, blood-hounds like, in quest of prey,  
 Break down each fence and border;  
 But dire destruction, and dismay,  
 Will yet o'erwhelm the crew, Sir,  
 For Dogs can only have their day,  
 But Fiends will have their due, Sir :

*And He who, more a Fiend than Man,  
 Would Earth and Heav'n invade, Sir,  
 When justice his desert shall see,  
 In Hell may be repaid, Sir !*

Which, that Heaven may avert, by turning his heart, is  
 the earnest prayer of the Author.

---

#### PROVIDENT COOKERY.

**I**N our gains and our losses, our pleasures and toils,  
 The old common Question is "How the Pot boils?  
 And as once, when the Riots in London ran high,  
 'Twas decreed that some few (to save thousands) must die,  
 One of Gordon's *good friends* ask'd an old loyal Scot,  
 Half-sneeringly,—"How boil'd the NATIONAL Pot?"  
 Why gude troth, says Donald, atween Mz and Yov,  
 Malcontents are got intul a domnable stew,  
 And you'll find its Contents, Mon, will not content some,  
 For the BROTH is preserv'd by reducing the SEUM.

---

Poor Old Jack, a Song.

---

## POOR OLD JACK, A SONG.

Which runs smoothly with the Tune, but reads very unevenly.

WITH the jolly Knight in view, that Shakspeare drew,  
I love my joke to crack;  
And fill, like him, up to the brim,  
A cup of good old sack;  
For he that can laugh at fortune's frown,  
And the goblin Care, in a goblet drown,  
Such a man if there be, whether King or Clown,  
He's the man for poor old Jack.

Full threescore years, with hopes and fears,  
I've stood old Time's attack;  
And smiles and frowns, and ups and downs,  
Through life's uneven track;  
But I still jogg'd on in a merry merry pin,  
Through the rough, and the smooth, and the thick,  
and the thin,  
While a glass, now and then, twixt the nose and the chin,  
Cheer'd the heart of poor old Jack.

Though the blush of disgrace never tinctur'd my face,  
That bloom did I never lack;  
Which takes its flight from a liver white,  
And from a heart that's black;  
For with ruddy health in a cheek that glows,  
Like the bon-fire blaze of a Bardolph's nose,  
To burn the bellows and to sing old Rose,  
Is the joy of poor old Jack.

And I hope that I may, when forever and aye,  
To my last long home I pack,  
With a conscience clear, neither grieve, nor fear,  
On the world to turn my back:  
But, my pastime o'er, and when here no more,  
I can merrily sing,—that I'm past Threescore,  
May the porter above stairs open the door,  
With a—"Welcome, poor old Jack!"

H 3

## THE LAUGHABLE ROBBERY;

OR, ONE ASS CROUSED OUT OF ANOTHER.

Paraphrased and amplified from the prose of JOE MILLER, or ~~four~~ other old Jest Book; but as TOM FOOL said, when he had but seven Farthings in his Pocket, "That does not signify TWO PENCE."

**T**WO odd fellows once in a comical cue,  
 Who an odd sort of frolic were bent to pursue,  
 Took a ramble from Oxford to Abingdon Fair,  
 With their pockets and stomachs as empty as air;  
 Yet dastard despondency never could smother  
 Their hopes, to replenish both one and the other;  
 And through a green Lane as they trudg'd it along,  
 To avoid on the High-road the dust and the throng,  
 Their ears on a sudden were struck with the sound,  
 Of a Bumpkin's loud snoring, in slumber profound,  
 Stretch'd at length in a ditch, like a pig in a sty,  
 While his poor beast of burden was browsing hard by.  
 Zounds! says ARCHER to SHARP, here's a prize by the mass!  
 I'll strip myself naked while you strip the Ass:  
 And now, that being done, as we've no time to dally,  
 Put the geers upon Me, and dont stand shilly-shally,  
 But hide all my clothes 'tother side of yon hedge,  
 'Then take Donky to Fair, and my life will I pledge,  
 That when you have sold him, be who will the buyer,  
 His Master no more for his Ass will enquire.

So off scamper'd SHARP with the Ass to the Fair,  
 While ARCHER knelt down, on All-fours, quite bare;  
 And giving the Bumpkin a kick, he awoke,  
 But far more surpris'd at the sight than the stroke,  
 When, instead of his Ass, the poor simpleton sees  
 A stark naked Man, on his hands and his knees!  
 And he rapp'd out an oath, in a terrible fright,  
 Od dam it, what's this? Hold says ARCHER, all's right;

---

The Laughable Robbery.

---

The enchantment is broke,—I've regain'd my right shape,  
 And I'm sure you'll rejoice at my lucky escape :  
 For my Father, whom once I displeas'd you must know,  
 Has long dealt with the Devil, and some time ago,  
 In his conjuring freaks he transform'd me, alas !  
 From the figure and shape of a Man,—to an Ass !  
 In which plight you bought me,—but now I'm unwitch'd,  
 And new born, as it were, I must get me new breech'd.  
 So take your damn'd pack-saddle off from my back,  
 And let me in search of a Taylor go pack :—  
 You had better, without further curses or oaths,  
 Or my Father may make you supply me with Clothes.

" You be vree," says the Bumpkin, " without vunder arg'ing,  
 " And a dev'lish good riddance of such a damn'd bargain !"  
 So ARCHER, set free, to his Clothes did repair,  
 Slip'd them on, and soon follow'd his friend to the Fair,  
 Where the poor bubb'd Hob-nail, in pitiful plight, }  
 Being trick'd of one Ass by a conjuring Wight, }  
 Follow'd after to purchase another outright :  
 And while through the throng he was beating the round,  
 To get one, if he could, that was young, strong, and sound,  
 On a sudden he started, and trembling, turn'd pale,  
 When a dealer presented poor Donkey for sale !—  
 And he cried, " I'll be chous'd by the Devil no more,  
 " For I'd have you to know I bought H<sub>z</sub> once afore !—  
 " Od dam't ! when we parted, I little thought then,  
 " He'd a quarrel'd so soon with old Square-toes agen !  
 " For the Poor Soul got free but this very forenoon ;  
 " And now conjur'd again to a Jack-ass so soon !  
 " Why the old Toad deserves to be hung for't at least,  
 " To transmogrify Men to the shape of a Beast !  
 " But I wont take'n back, for mayhap if I should,  
 " He may serve me the same as his own flesh and blood !  
 " And for fear he should make a Jack-ass of M<sub>z</sub> too,  
 " I'll buy no more such bargains,—Dam M<sub>z</sub> if I do."

---

 The Laughable Robbery.—The Blessings of Scarcity, a Song.
 

---

Thus my Story concludes, and by what came to pass,  
 You see that the Numpscull refus'd *his own Ass*,  
 Tho' perhaps *You'll* refuse as a *Truth* to receive it,  
 And tell me,—that none but an Ass would believe it.



## THE BLESSINGS OF SCARCITY, A SONG.

**W**HEN I wallow'd in Plenty I liv'd like a Pig,  
 And my daily delight was to stuff and to swig,  
 But of plenty cut short, I've embrac'd a new plan,  
 As I've learn'd from short commons to live like a Man.

Gout and Cholic, by turns made me grumble and groan,  
 And I kick'd in the fits with the Gravel and Stone ;  
 While with Hectic and Phthisic I panted for breath,  
 And by Surfeits, I courted an Alderman's death ;

Quack Drops for digestion I bought at the shops,  
 And then Pills for purgation succeeded the drops ;  
 While a full Crown a day, to save family slaughter,  
 Went out of my pocket to buy Surfeit Water !

Yet our Paunches, like Pigs, we kept cramming apace,  
 And, like Pigs we fell to, without saying of Grace !  
 For such queer things as Graces before meat and after,  
 With a mighty good grace that made subjects of laughter. !

But now, what a Blessing ! like Christians complete,  
 Stead of meat without Grace, we have Grace without meat !  
 And for appetites good as we're ne'er at a loss,  
 If we've not the best Meat, we've at least the best Sauce.

For with Stomachs sharp set, when it falls in our way,  
 We as sharply fall to,—as poor Sharp in the Play ;  
 And a Blessing it is that short meals give no cause,  
 To wear out our Teeth or to tire our Jaws.

The Blessings of Scarcity, a Song.—The Badger completely done over.

And 'tis likewise a truth which ought not to be cloak'd,  
We with cramming too much run no risque to be choak'd;  
While this Blessings springs from our hung'ring and thirsting,  
That, with stuffing too full, there's no fear of our bursting.

Then should Times chop about, and replenish our store,  
And we all eat and drink and get merry once more;  
Our Scarcities past, we as Blessings may prize,  
If, in future, they make us both merry and wise.



# THE BADGER COMPLETELY DONE OVER,

AN EXTEMPORARY DASH OF THE PEN,

In the Year 1801.

**W**HEN through the rich fields, tother day, as I pass'd,  
Beholding the full swelling Grain,  
And feasting my fancy, that plenty at last  
Would hail us with Peace in her train;

A lank pallid wretch, with a skance evil eye,  
Came scowling along the foot path;  
And though lately quite fat, was so thin, by the by,  
That he look'd like a mere walking lath!

And, what was more grievous, by sickness pull'd down,  
Through his skin I beheld his bare bones;  
While what made Me smile, He beheld with a frown,  
As the cause of *my* thanks and *his* groans!

For, a strange thing to tell, I found out that the Elf  
Always fatten'd when others got lean;  
And when others grew fat then he got lean himself,  
And pin'd with spite, rancour, and spleen!



---

The Badger completely done over.—Impromptu on Mrs. Second.

---

For experience has prov'd in the days of distress,  
 That even the Mealman and Cadger,  
 'To him when compar'd, might their innocence bless,  
 And thank God they were Saints—to a BADGER !

A Badger ? quoth I, why he looks very sick !  
 Very true, says a friend, for, last Spring,  
 He got the GREEN Sickness, when GRASS grew so thick,  
 And the Hay harvest made his heart wring !

But now, as a Quaker turns sick at a Fop,  
 And a Quaker, in turn, makes a Fop sick,  
 His foul stomach turns at this plentiful Crop,  
 And, thank God—he's incurably CROP-sick !

— — — — —

### IMPROMPTU,

On hearing the young and beautiful Mrs. SECOND sing at the Musical Festival, in Birmingham, for the Benefit of the General Hospital there.

**W**HEN the great Cognoscenti, full ripe from the schools,  
 Like Aristarch, flush'd with dogmatical rules;  
 Fame's weathercock veering, found ways how to fix it,  
 And manag'd the vane with a meer *Ipse Dixit*;  
 They of Mara pronounc'd, and dispute it who durst,  
 That, of all vocal Prodigies, *SHE* was the FIRST !  
 But, as flowers in Autumn will fade and decay,  
 And leaves shrink and dry till they drop from the spray ;  
 So the Vet'ran in fame, past her heyday and prime,  
 Must, like time-beating Stephen, be beaten by Time.  
 And though not convinc'd, while with thousands imburs'd,  
 That " The First may be Last, and the Last may be First ;"

---

Impromptu on Mrs. Second.—The Author's Favourite Sally.

---

Yet, if Fate seconds Fortune, that doughty old dame,  
 The next Idol to rear on the topstone of Fame;  
 Who with thrilling sensations enraptures the throng,  
 While the Loves and the Graces add charms to her Song:  
 Though Mara, 'mong warblers, the First is now reckon'd,  
 The Time will yet come when the FIRST will be SECOND!

— — — — —

THE AUTHOR'S FAVORITE SALLY, A SONG.

THE Bard who glows with Grub-street fire,  
 In SALLY's praise profuse is,  
 But know, the SALLY I admire,  
 'Tis Wit alone produces;  
 Sweet sprightly Sylph, 'tis thee I mean,  
 Then stand not shilly-shally,  
 But as thou art my Fancy's Queen,  
 Ne'er let me want a SALLY!

'Tis true, we're told in prose and rhyme,  
*"A Wit is but a feather,"*  
 But let me lightly mount sublime,  
 While grovelings hug their tether;  
 Then, like the lark, I'll soar and sing,  
 While from the sordid valley,  
 The clod-sprung earthworm ne'er takes wing,  
 Nor e'er enjoys a SALLY!

Sallies of wit, where wisdom rules,  
 Are gladsome, gamesome gay things,  
 But those who sport with pointed tools,  
 Shou'd handle well their playthings;  
 Then, haply, when the stroke offends,  
 No longer prone to rally,  
 I'll silence keep, to keep my friends,  
 And check the sportive SALLY!

---

The Author's Favorite Sally.—The Witless Witling.

---

And as old Time speeds on apace,  
 His sport and prey to make us,  
 With hasty strides, and hot-foot chace,  
 Determin'd to o'ertake us;  
 When from the SALLY-PORT of Life,  
 We rush to close Life's tally;  
 Releas'd from cank'ring care and strife,  
 Triumphant be our SALLY!



### THE WITLESS WITLING.

FOR his Nephew, the Vicar a fortune had scrap'd,  
 And Tom was his heir, by his will;  
 But Tom's flippant tongue, not his patron escap'd,  
 As his clack rattle never stood still.

For Tom was a Wit, and his Uncle's red face,  
 He to Bardolph's was wont to compare;  
 And he'd queer the old Putt, for his long winded grace,  
 Or, mimick his mumbling at pray'r.

Then to pose and perplex him with quibbles, one day,  
 Being wantonly seiz'd with the fit;  
 "Prithee, Parson," says Tom, what's the diff'rence, I pray,  
 "Between a Wise Man and a Wit?"

"Why Tom, the whole diff'rence lies here," quoth the  
 Priest,  
 "A mere Wit is to folly so prone,  
 "That, to gall his best Friend, he'll let fly his worst Jest,  
 "But a Wise man will let it alone.

---

The Witless Witting.—The Odds more Ways than One, a Song.

---

“ Thus You, for your sport, my complexion deride,  
 “ And a carbuncle make of each pimple;  
 “ For which, you must know, I’ve my Will set aside,  
 “ But have left you, of Wit, a Fee Simple.



THE ODDS MORE WAYS THAN ONE, A SONG,

For an Odd Fellow, at the Odd Fellow’s Society.

**I** Am even with those that with mirth are at Odds,  
 And would frown at a jest from a jovial Odd Fellow;  
 For to Crabs I compare such unsociable Clods;  
 Or to half rotten Medlars more sour than mellow;  
 Besides, ’tis more Odds than a toss, heads or tails,  
 But those that want horses grudge those that can ride,  
 So my hobby I’ll mount, not regarding who rails,  
 And, let those laugh that win, I’ve the Odds on my Side

And if oddly I’m treated by bantering friends,  
 Like the Pilot of State in the Dome of Saint Stephen,  
 ’Tis Odds but I soon smoke their Odds and their Ends,  
 And with all such Odd Fish find the way to be even;  
 Or should Care in an odd fit perchance play the shark,  
 Like a Gudgeon to catch me at low water tide,  
 With good spirits I’ll mount up to high water mark,  
 And spring out of his reach with the Odds on my Side.

When the Wife’s in a pout, as the best may, perchance,  
 Now and then swell the lip at our lipping the Jorum;  
 And she says, stead of Nancy, I stick close to Nantz,  
 Nantz brandy, I mean, that Voluptas virorum;  
 Then I offer the Odds of my horse to her tongue,  
 That she faster can scold than she ever could ride;  
 So by bantering I stop up her mouth like a bung,  
 As old Zantippe knows, I’ve the Odds on my Side.

I

---

The Odds more Ways than One, a Song.—The well-timed Recantation.

---

Yet what's the most Odds but grèat Kings and their Queens,  
 May be subject, at times, to some odd altercations?  
 Though there's one Royal Pair, by some odd ways and means,  
 Who contrive to keep clear of such odd imputations!  
 And while blessings domestic to virtue they owe,  
 Those at Odds with such virtue, their heads let them hide;  
 For when'er time shall shew who's their friend or their foe,  
 They'll, at least, Ten to One, have the Odds on their Side!

And dont think it Odd, if I prove, flat and plain,  
 That the first of Odd Fellows was old Father Adam;  
 Till one night from his side as asleep he was lain,  
 To make matters even, sprung Eve for his Madam:  
 And She was the first of the Petticoat Race,  
 And great Grandam of all that wear Breeches besides;  
 And 'tis Odds, when odd squabbles between them take place,  
 But the Petticoat Race have the Odds on their Side.

For although we think oddly of Petticoat sway,  
 And pretend for Odd Wives that we care not a souse;  
 Yet some Odd Wives there are who have found out the way  
 How to make an Odd Yokemate as quomp as a mouse;  
 And as odd sorts of squabbles arise ev'ry day,  
 Between Breeches and Petticoat which shall preside;  
 Now and then an odd wearer of Petticoats may,  
 As Odd Things come to pass, wear the Breeches beside.



#### THE WELL-TIMED RECANTATION.

**J**ACK weds a Shrew, who leads him such a life,  
 He damns the hour that made them Man and Wife.  
 Jack soon suspects, his Rib exalts his Horn,  
 He blasts the hour that ever he was born.  
 Jack's head is ladl'd by his Zantipp Spouse,  
 His sponce he plaisters, and revenge he vows;

The well-timed Recantation.—Correspondence between Parson and Patron.

So hies to *Heavypurse*, (his Helpmate's Sire,  
Rich as old Lydia's King,)—and big with ire,  
Jack swears, while fright and fray his locks dishevel,  
By all the Gods, he's marry'd to a Devil !

" Hold" says old *Heavypurse*, " if that's the case,

" No Dev'l shall e'er my Family disgrace :

" I'm worth at least three hundred thousand Pounds;

" But she, with Poverty, shall dance the rounds :

" A Dev'l, oddszooks! her Devilship I'll gall,

" For a *poor* Devil's the worst Devil of all :

" And neither She, nor Hers, when I'm no more,

" Shall e'er enjoy one stiver of my store."

When this, Jack heard, he quickly chopp'd about,

And cry'd, " Dear Father, since the truth must out,

" 'Tis all a joke, a jest, a farce, a feint :

" Your Daughter is no Devil, but a SAINT !"

—w—ch—

A SHORT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PARSON  
AND PATRON.

**L**ORD S—dw—ch thus wrote to his Chaplain one day,  
" Dear Tom, would you leave off to preach and to pray,

" And Bishop-like sit in your sinecure Chair,

" Take Miss \*\*\* off my hands, and her Settlement share ;

" Each year shall a leash of good Hundreds supply,

" And in clover you'll wallow, you Rogue, till you die :

" But if you're determin'd to cross my intent,

" Pray dont TAKE AMISS, what, By \*\*\*, is WELL MEANT,"

'This friendly proposal the Parson refusing,

An answer thus penn'd, for his Patron's perusing.

" My Lord, the great Good which to me you'd extend,

" My pride, it shall be, to proclaim, WITHOUT END !

" And your friendship exalted, so much I regard,

" That I hope it will meet—an EXALTED REWARD !

" While your wish I reject, tho' depend upon this,

" 'Tis comply'd with so far, as to—*not take a Miss.*"

---

 The Chapter of War, a Song.
 

---

## THE CHAPTER OF WAR, A SONG.

Supposed to be sung as an Irish Ballad Singer, by the Author, in his  
EVENING BRUSH.

THE Chapter of Kings, which I wrote myself,  
With the Chapter of Letters, lies on the shelf,  
So the Chapter I've chose your amusement for,  
By the way of a Song, is the Chapter of War ;  
And I'm sorry to say,  
That but short was the day,  
We'd the Chapter of Peace in its turn.

When the French first join'd in a cut-throat Band,  
The Prussians, awhile, made a noble stand ;  
But their King he thought fighting was all foolish fun,  
So he bid them leave off playing—"Pop and go One ;"  
And the thousands we paid  
For his friendship and aid  
When the Mouse eats the Cat, he'll return.

Then the Dutchman, fearing a thief in the night,  
Was preparing, with caution, his match to light ;  
But the smell of the sulphur got up in his nose,  
And so muddled his brains, that he fell in a dose ;  
And the frolick was such,  
That both Flemish and Dutch,  
By the French were caught napping, in turn.

And as for the blustering Dons of Spain,  
Their gunpowder puffing prov'd all in vain ;  
Though with cracking and bouncing at first they began,  
But it ended, at last, with a Flash in the Pan ;  
When, to crown their disgrace,  
With the French they made Peace,  
And to War went with Us, in their turn.

---

The Chapter of War, a Song.

---

The German, as steady as heart could desire,  
While able to stand, would for ever stand fire;  
But the rest having got a complete Belly-full,  
There was none left to back him but honest John Bull;

And He, through the War,  
Shew'd the thing he was for,  
Was to see them all righted, in turn.

But they, some how, got sick of it, one by one,  
Though they threaten'd the French, when the squabble  
begun,

By the Book of Kings, to do all in a jerk;  
But the Book of Numbers accomplish'd the work:

For such were their legions,  
That, kill them like pigeons,  
Still others sprung up, in their turn!

But when into Egypt they took their route,  
By Nelson and Smith they got knock'd about;  
Till into the Nile they were forc'd to troop,  
Without bason or spoon to sup Crocodile Soup;

Which made them so sick,  
That they chang'd their notes quick,  
And they all wish'd for Peace, in their turn.

For the Fire of Britons they saw with amaze,  
That the more they oppos'd it, the brighter 'twould blaze!  
And to quench it, they found, it no more could be done,  
Than the squirt of a syringe could put out the Sun!

So they curs'd the damn'd War,  
That had brought them there,—for  
To be burnt and blown up, in their turn.



While their boats all chain'd, and their ports all shut,  
Such a comical figure at home they cut,  
That, like owls in a cage, they were all in a pout,  
And for fear of a popping they durst not pop out ;

And so being lock'd up,  
And block'd up, and knock'd up,  
They could not tell which way to turn !

So when we had made them as quomp as mice,  
The vermin were all for a Peace in a trice ;  
And they promis'd, like boys with their bottoms sore,  
If we'd hang up the rod, they'd be rogues no more ;

But as well you might trust,  
To a brittle pye crust.  
When, to break it, it serves their own turn.

For so tired of Peace is their Grand CON SILL,  
He again turns about to attack John Bull ;  
And to shew his poor spite, like a hung'ry hound,  
He has robb'd him of one little TURNIP GROUND !

And the Bugaboo savage  
Now threatens to ravage  
This snug little Island, in turn.

But if, to be sowing his last wild oats,  
He should venture, at last, to unchain his boats ;  
And to Britons united he dares stand buff,  
Let him come, and we'll quickly find chains enough,

Both for HIM and his Crew,  
And the Devil his Due,  
Will come in for, at last, in his turn !



---

A Tribute of the Heart: addressed to Lord Dudley and Ward.

---

### A TRIBUTE OF THE HEART:

Respectfully addressed to the Right Hon. Lord DUDLEY and WARD,  
 whose unbounded Benevolence to the Poor, merits more Praises  
 than so poor a Penman can possibly record.

TITLES, their origin if back we trace,  
 First grac'd the noblest of the human race,  
 And round his brows the Coronet was twin'd,  
 Who, mark'd by noblest deeds, the noblest mind !  
 But, in these modern times, how chang'd the plan,  
 Since many a Lord now blurs the name of man ;  
 While blazing stars too oft their breasts adorn,  
 Where darkling vice courts obloquy and scorn ;  
 And many a proud RIGHT HON' RABLE and GRACE,  
 Takes rank, where *Grace* and *Honor* ne'er took place !  
 While thou, thrice noble DUDLEY, seek'st the way,  
 To reap those honours which can ne'er decay ;  
 And add'st armorial bearings to thy shield,  
 By deeds unheard of in the tented field ;  
 Deeds by which mortals to immortals rise,  
 And sons of earth are welcom'd to the skies !  
 Where crowns and thrones are their eternal meed,  
 Who cloath the naked, and the hungry feed ;  
 Dry up the tears that drench the mourner's eye,  
 Heal human woes, and human wants supply ;  
 The gaudy trappings of false greatness spurn,  
 Nor seek an epitaph to deck their urn ;  
 But doing good, for goodness sake alone,  
 Those blessings they bestow, make all their own !

These are *thy* honours, not that highly here,  
 Exalted, by the name of Lord, or Peer,  
 Thou shin'st the glaring meteor of a day,  
 And, meteor-like, must swiftly pass away ;  
 But that, superior to the Peer or Lord,  
 Worth, more than Birth, ennobles peerless WARD.

---

---

The Unwelcome Ball.

---

---

## THE UNWELCOME BALL ;

OR, A LESSON FOR LADIES WHO WOULD RATHER DANCE  
THAN WORK.

**E**RE cotton thread or silk was worn  
On ladies' legs,—'Tis true,  
Meer worsted hose did belles adorn,  
Their colour—pink or blue.

And once, at Wakefield, where, we're told,  
Three sisters—wealthy souls !  
Wore worsted purses, full of gold,  
And stockings, full of holes;

A martial vet'ran of renown,  
Esteem'd and lov'd by all,  
Had promis'd, ere he left the town,  
To give those belles a BALL.

The day was come, the dames were dress'd,  
All waiting to be squir'd,  
Where fools, with Fortune's favours bless'd;  
Are most by fools admir'd:

Their undarn'd hose of blue and pink,  
And eke with clock so white,  
Conceal'd by skirts so long, you'd think  
Each hole was out of sight.

But objects, with a lynx's eye,  
Old Bluff was wont to view;  
And oft his optics keen did spy  
Those gaps above the shoe :

And bent to cure them of their sloth,  
Which spurn'd the needle's use,  
He risk'd the storm of Beldam wrath,  
And Billingsgate abuse :

---

 The Unwelcome Ball.—Molly Macbrawn, a Song.
 

---

So to their house his steps he turn'd,  
 A welcome guest to all,  
 As each with hot impatience burn'd,  
 To frisk it at the BALL.

But when, to keep his word with all,  
 To GIVE the Ball he came,  
 How ev'ry sister CURS'D the Ball,  
 And SAWL'D for grief and shame !

To hear the cool Insulter say,  
 In grave sarcastic mockings ;  
 " Accept this BALL of WORSTED, pray,  
 " To mend your tatter'd stockings.

" THIS is the BALL I meant to give,  
 " Nor deem the gift absurd ;  
 " But keep your Heels whole, while you live,  
 " As I have kept my Word."



## MOLLY MACBRAWN ;

OR, THE HIBERNIAN VENUS WITH HALF A PAIR OF EYES,

## A SONG.

**O**CH, of all the dear joys that's more killing than any,  
 In either Killarney, Kildare, or Kilkenny,  
 The joy of my life, and the life of my song,  
 Is the one that's been killing me all my life long ;  
 For my love like the colic so gripes me,  
 And the whipcord of Cupid so stripes me,  
 That if death out of life ever wipes me,  
 'Twill be done by sweet Molly Macbrawn.

---

Molly Macbrawn, a Song.

---

Though with only one eye, yet a spark from that same,  
 Like a big brimstone match kindles up such a flame,  
 As to make my blood boil, while it causes a smart  
 Like the lamp of a teakettle under my heart ;

And while coals on the fire she's piling,  
 And my breast, like a mutton-chop, broiling,  
 Dev'l a bit would I think of beguiling  
 The blind side of sweet Molly Macbrawn !

Though her hair is as black as the parish church pall,  
 Yet her skin's like the whitewash that plaisters the wall,  
 And her sweet little mouth, when the creature she sips,  
 O, that I was the glass, and was glue'd to her lips ;

For her breath, like the perfume of nature,  
 Is as sweet as an old nutmeg grater,  
 And as round as a Pontipool waiter  
 Is the face of sweet Molly Macbrawn !

With disdain, like a Goddess her head she can toss back,  
 And trample down hearts, like an Angel o' horseback,  
 But prance as she will, I still humour her pace,  
 And I'm pleas'd when she scatters the dirt in my face ;

For like sauce for goose, turkey, or bustard,  
 I esteem it the same as love's mustard,  
 And more sweet than the cream of a custard,  
 Is the muck from sweet Molly Macbrawn !

O, 'twixt her and the hangman if I could but choose,  
 Which should tuck up my heart or my neck in a noose,  
 Cupid's ladder I'd mount without bodder or strife,  
 And take my full swing, hung in chains all my life ;

For though many's the sweetheart I've spurn'd off,  
 May my clothes from my carcase be burn'd off,  
 But I wish in a noose to be turn'd off,  
 By the Parson with Molly Macbrawn !

THE GENTLE REPROOF.

A T a fam'd Flemish Ian, where, believe me, 'tis true,  
 There's the sign of the *Goose*, and a *golden* one too,  
 Lady C—v—n, who, now, is her Highness serene,  
 And whose spirit in spending may cope with a Queen,  
 Supp'd, and slept, on her tour thro' the Flanderkin towns,  
 For which her good host charg'd a hundred good crowns,  
 Though her own, her two Lacqueys', and Abigail's fare,  
 Nor in solids, nor fluids, was costly or rare !  
 And as impudence strove imposition to grace,  
 The landlord, with phiz full of grin and grimace,  
 With cringe and congee, at the door of her chaise,  
 The next morn, bid adieu, to my Lady *Angloise*;  
 Hoping, when she return'd from her tour, with her train,  
 She would honour his house with her presence again.  
 When her ladyship, smilingly, answered the fleecer,  
 " Your fine *golden Goose* I may once again see, Sir,  
 " But, next time I venture to *sup* here, or *dine*,  
 " I must beg you'll mistake me no more for your *Sign*."



A BULL AND NO BULL.

A Wag having wager'd, with Teague, half a crown,  
 About how many Signs of the Bull were in town ;  
 Teague swore there were *Three*, which was flatly denied,  
 And to point out a Bull more than *Two* was defied ;  
 When he thus 'gan to count :—" There's the Black Bull in  
 Foregate,  
 " That's One ;—then the Second's the White Bull in Norgate ;  
 " And as for the next, which makes *Three*, you'll allow,  
 " In the very next lane, there's the little Brown Cow !"  
 ' A right Irish blunder,' says each Stander-by,  
 ' And your Bet you have lost.'—" Tut," says Teague, that's  
 a lie ;"  
 " I'll be bound, 'stead of losing my wager, I win it,  
 " For that Blunder's a BULL, or the Devil is in it."

---

 The Bottle, a Song.—The Fox and his Guest.
 

---

## THE BOTTLE, A SONG.

**W**HILE nostrums are held out to cure each disease,  
 And to parry with Death, or with Pain, as we please,  
 The protractor of life, and preserver of ease,  
 I have ever yet found in a BOTTLE !

For when Care, like a clog, hangs about my poor heart,  
 And health from the burden seems bent to depart,  
 I the mill-stone shake off, and Death draws back his dart,  
 When he sees that my Doctor's a BOTTLE !

And shou'd Love, whose dominion is ever divine,  
 Drench my doating fond eyes in a deluge of brine,  
 Ev'ry tear that I drop at bright Venus's shrine,  
 Let me drown in the tears of the BOTTLE !

And as Pride may prevail, where it ne'er shou'd take place,  
 Ere its impulse my portion of prudence disgrace,  
 Let me nobly renounce all her stiff-necked race,  
 To bend down the stiff neck of a BOTTLE !

Or shou'd Av'rice, the first of all vices I'd shun,  
 Shrink the cords of my heart, I'll bet millions to one,  
 That they soon shall expand, like the rays of the Sun,  
 And benevolence spring from a BOTTLE !

And when Time, with his Scythe, and his silver Toupee,  
 Wou'd my SPIRITS expel from the mansions of glee,  
 They triumphant shall float in a glorious RED SEA !  
 Which eternally flows from the BOTTLE !

---

 THE FOX AND HIS GUEST

**T**HROUGH Æsop, Phœdrus, Gay, LeStrange,  
 O'er the wide field of Fable range,  
 And through each parabolic tract,  
 Pursue the trail of moral fact ;

---

The Fox and his Guest.

---

If grounded in Zoologic lore,  
Deep as Deucalion was of yore,  
Who sack'd old Ocean, Earth, and Air,  
His Ark to stock with every pair,  
You'll own 'tis Nature's orthodox,  
That "*CRAFT* arrivall'd marks the Fox."

Finesse the game, Chicane the sport,  
Of Fox in country, Fox at court ;  
His cover here, or there his kennel,  
Plunder and prey delight the Scrannel ;  
And e'en when time his Brush besilvers,  
The old grey Hirco prowls and pilfers ;  
No Spoil he spares to gorge his maw,  
Justice a jest, a jest the Law !  
Compunction and remorse are nonsense,  
No Fox will starve for sake of Conscience !  
'These strictures past—the theme we spare,  
On Foxes here, or Foxes there,  
And turn a homspun Tale to tell,  
Of one old Fox remember'd well,  
Who many a wily trick had play'd,  
And many a baited snare had laid,  
In tempting Trap and 'ticing Gin,  
To take th'unwary Stranger in.  
In short, old Reynard kept a Larder,  
Of neighbours' wants a kind regarder,  
Welcome to all who well could pay,  
And open both by night and day ;  
Where well-truss'd Fowl allur'd the eye,  
Keen hunger's cravings to supply ;  
With well-pluck'd Pigeons, Ducks, and Geese,  
In short, his Den was dubb'd "*The Fleece* !"  
A name with whim and truth to boot in't,  
As all were fleec'd that e'er put foot in't.



---

The Fox and his Guest.

---

Now so it hap'd—A Straggler one day,  
 Whether a Working-day, or Sunday,  
 It matters not—The dainty Guest  
 The peery Landlord thus address :  
 " My palate leans to something nice,  
 " Get me a Woodcock in a trice."  
 " Yes, Sir—Here, *Skipdish*, lay the cloth,  
 " Sir, would you choose some soup or broth ?"  
 " Not I, I never sluice my chops,  
 " With broths or soups, or such like slops,  
 " But get the Cock with all dispatch."—  
 " Sir, you shall have it in a snatch."

The Bird soon brought, the Stranger ey'd it,  
 And then exclaim'd, Old Nick betide it ;  
 " What have we here ? By Heav'n's, a Grouse !  
 " Why, Sir, I would not give a louse,  
 " For twenty such, and for this reason,  
 " BLACK GAME is now quite out of Season."  
 Quoth Reynard, "'tis a Cock believe me."  
 " A Cock ! A Grouse, you can't deceive me ;—  
 " A little short-beak'd heath-bred Oozle,  
 " A Cock indeed,—a flat Bamboozle !  
 " To see the diff'rence needs no skill,—  
 " If'tis a Cock, pray where's his Bill ?  
 " His fine *long* Bill ?—Here's no such thing !  
 " So, Master Fox, 'tis all a fling !"  
 " Sir," replies Reynard, " take my word,  
 " If you'll sit down, and eat the Bird,  
 " I'll find the BILL before you *pike it*,\*  
 " And perhaps LONGER than you'll LIKE it."

\* " Pike it," is a Cant Term, meaning " Before you are gone."

AN ENGLISH PRESENT TO THE FRENCH NAVY.

A SONG.

N. B. The Ten Plagues of Egypt were, as follows:

- |                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. The Waters turn'd to Blood | 6. Boils and Blains        |
| 2. Frogs                      | 7. Hail                    |
| 3. Dust turn'd to Lice        | 8. Locusts                 |
| 4. Swarms of Flies            | 9. Darkness                |
| 5. Murrain of Beasts          | 10. Their First-born slain |

WHEN NELSON the brave, and his conquerless host,  
Follow'd France's proud Bullies to Africa's coast;  
Being led a long dance of two thousand long mile,  
They reach'd Egypt's strand at the mouth of the Nile.

Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

Where at anchor the Fleet of the French lying snug,  
And a safe, as they thought, as a Bug in a Rug;  
They receiv'd from our Tars a concise complimentum,  
Which announc'd, "Egypt's Plagues they were come to  
present 'em."

Derry Down, &c

So to work they soon went, like old Moses and Aaron,  
With such tools as the Sans-Culottes were not aware on:  
For the First Plague our Tars soon produc'd on the Flood,  
By their quickly converting "The WATERS to BLOOD."

Derry Down, &c.

But to treat them with FROGS had been futile and vague,  
As such Vermin to them had been Prog but no Plague;  
Nor the foul pest of Lice had they need to revive,  
As with those they by swarms were all crawling alive.

Derry Down, &c.

K 2

786910

---

 An English Present to the French Navy.—A Song.
 

---

And thus leaping over Two Plagues out of Three,  
 The next prov'd as needless as needless could be;  
 For FLIES stead of Pests had augmented their clan,  
 As Frenchmen are Butterflies all to a man.

Derry Down, &c.

As for MURRAIN of BEASTS, may a Murrain take all,  
 Who such Cattle as Frenchmen would spare, great or small;  
 But that Plague they defy'd—be the cause not forgotten,  
 Living Carrion alike, Man and Beast were all rotten.

Derry Down, &c.

Boils and Blains too, of course, were a Pest they defy'd,  
 Being pepper'd already, back, belly, and side;  
 'Till our shot, thick as HAIL, like the HAIL STORM of old,  
 From Death's frigid hand made their carcasses cold.

Derry Down, &c.

But for LOCUSTS, we surely with safety may say,  
 That Frenchmen from them could have felt no dismay,  
 As, "Like will to Like," witness FLIES, LICE, and FROGS,  
 And "Dogs, though they're starving, will never eat Dags."

Derry Down, &c.

But DARKNESS, 'tis true, they with trembling endur'd,  
 While our cannon, with smoke, the horizon obscur'd,  
 Nor can One of the crew hope to 'scape endless night,  
 When their foul Deeds of Darkness are all brought to Light!

Derry Down, &c.

Yet 'twere wrong that their FIRST-BORN alone should be  
 SLAIN,

Since they all take descent from the loins of Old Cain;  
 And of this be assur'd, that in Light or in Dark,  
 Ev'ry Frenchman still bears his Great Ancestor's Mark!

Derry Down, &c.

---

An English Present to the French Navy, a Song.—Stanzas.

---

Then to NELSON a Bumper of Red, "Three Times Three,"  
 And may Frenchmen by shoals glut the Nile and Red Sea;  
 While Britannia's red Flag he displays at his prow,  
 And the Ten Plagues of Egypt seize him that says—No!  
 Derry Down, Down, Down, Derry Down.

— — — — —

### STANZAS

ON THE DETESTABLE THOUGHT OF BUTCHERY IN COLD  
 BLOOD.

Written about 3 years ago, when we were threatened by the French,  
 as we are now, with an Invasion by Sea and by Land, and seeing it  
 recommended in a Newspaper, that if the Enemy should make a  
 Landing here, and we should defeat them as there was no Sort of  
 Doubt but we should—In that Case, if Twenty Thousand French-  
 men were to lay down their Arms, and sue for Mercy as Prisoners  
 of War, "To give them no Quarter," but, for fear of their taking  
 the first Opportunity of attacking us again,—"To put every Man  
 of them to the Sword."

AND springs this Counsel from a Briton's Heart,  
 And does a Briton's Hand employ the Pen;  
 Such Self debasing Lessons to impart,  
 As would lift Brutes above the Rank of Men?

And can a Briton, unindignant, read  
 Cold-blooded Murder made a fav'rite Theme?  
 A Briton for Assassination plead,  
 And make foul Massacre a glorious Scheme?

Forbid it Heaven, that Man, whose Form divine,  
 Creation's Lord first fashion'd from his own,  
 Should thus from mere Humanity decline,  
 To glut th' infernal Rage of Fiends alone!

K 3

---

 STANAS on the Detestable Thought of Butchery in Cold Blood
 

---

Rous'd by the ruthless Foe to hostile Ire,  
 Let every gen'rous Impulse string the Nerve,  
 Inflame the Heart with patriotic Fire,  
 And fix the Soul from Duty ne'er to swerve !

Then to that Duty firm as Sion's Rock,  
 Evince it, prove it in the Battle's Heat ;  
 Towering like Sion, there brave ev'ry Shock,  
 While Frenchmen bite the Dust at Britons' Feet.

Like Raging Lions, or the Roaring Main,  
 Spread wide and boundless Havock o'er the Field ;  
 Spurn all Repugnance on th' embattled Plain,  
 And nobly perish, ere ignobly yield.

" Britons, Strike Home !" Is now the Word for all ;  
 " Britons, Strike Home !" The Order of the Day ;  
 " Britons, Strike Home !" Obey the glorious Call,  
 And sweep the plund'ring Hordes like Dust away !

But when bright Conquest crowns the well won Fight,  
 And humbled Victims to the Victors yield ;  
 Their Arms thrown down, in supplicating Plight,  
 And Cries, for Mercy, ring throughout the Field ;

Then like soft Manna from the Dewa of Heaven,  
 Or genial Clouds dissolving into Rain ;  
 To those who sue for Grace, let Grace be given,  
 Nor let cool Bloodshed England's Glory stain !

The Brave are still to Clemency allied,  
 The Brave ne'er trample on a prostrate Foe ;  
 The Brave pull down the Crest of Giant Pride,  
 But spare the Wretch Crest-fallen and laid low.

---

Scannas on the Detestable Thought of Butchery in Cold Blood.

---

The Sophist, who, by selfish Motives led,  
Proclaims it MAN-like to destroy a Foe;  
Would, if the Sword was brandish'd o'er his Head,  
Pronounce it GOD-like to forbear the Blow.

Fight, Fight, till from your Bones the Flesh be hack'd,  
Like Britons Conquer, or like Britons Die;  
But Conquest gain, with Cruelty unback'd,  
And halt, when Foes can neither fight nor fly.

Fear no Mischance from Mercy thus bestow'd,  
Nor dread the future Mischiefs they may plan;  
You will but point the Way to Virtue's Road,  
And teach the Savage how to act the Man.

Shame shall recoil upon his wounded Mind,  
And freight his Mem'ry with a Lesson rare:  
That Britons hold Examples to Mankind,  
And only Fight, to Conquer and to Spare.

Nor wealthy Cities sack'd, nor Towns destroy'd,  
Shall fierce Retaliation then excite;  
But Conquest free from Guilt, shall, unannoy'd,  
Smile at the feeble Force of Gallic Spite.

So the Wild Ferment of their Gall and Spleen,  
With all its foaming Venom, shall subside;  
And while the Billows roll our Shores between,  
Britannia's Sons Invaders' Threats deride!



---

The Hearty Old Odd Fellow, a Song.

---

## THE HEARTY OLD ODD FELLOW.—A SONG.

**W**HILE with Health on one Hand, and Content on the other,

I enjoy a Companion and Friend,  
That leave me no Cares nor Vexations to smother,  
Which oft on poor Mortals attend;  
And while I reflect, that, with Doctor and Drug,  
But few have through Life brush'd so well,—O!  
I give Thanks that with Time I've so long stood the Tug,  
Still a hearty and sound old Odd Fellow!

The Blessings of Youth I enjoy'd while I held 'em,  
Though Life's but a short fleeting Day;  
And Mortals are pleas'd with its Ev'ning but seldom,  
Yet I'll welcome its last parting Ray;  
And though Time in my Face its deep Furrows may plow,  
And the Bloom on my Cheek may turn Yellow,  
Discontent he shall never see perch'd on the Brow  
Of a hearty old honest Odd Fellow!

We know that fine Words may be founded in Fiction,  
And with Friends 'tis too often the Case;  
Yet if ever I meet an old Friend in Affliction,  
May I never put on a new Face;  
Nor a Stranger distress pass unfeelingly by,  
While his Tale to the Wind he may tell—O!  
But brush off if I can, the big Tear from his Eye,  
Like a hearty old honest Odd Fellow!

And while thus through Life I brush on strange and oddly,  
When the Book of my Failings I scan,  
'Tis my Wish, by Reform, ere I under the Sod lie,  
To brush them all off if I can:  
And when the green Grass shall, like Thatch, overspread  
The low Roof where at last I must dwell—O!  
May each Friend left behind, 'till he spins his last Thread,  
Prove a hearty old honest Odd Fellow!

---

Non Hic et Ubique.—Paddy Bull's Expedition, a Song.

---

## NON HIC ET UBIQUE.

**P**OOOR Teague, being told by his Master one day,  
 When dispatch'd on some Errands to roam,  
 That instead of his making the best of his Way,  
 He was sluggishly loit'ring at Home:  
 "Sir, (says Teague) tho' you think me a Drone or a Dunce,  
 " Becaze I from Homè have not stirr'd,  
 " Arrah how can I be in two Places at once,  
 Unless I'd got Wings like a Bird?"

---

PADDY BULL's EXPEDITION.—A Song.

**W**HEN I took my Departure from Dublin's sweet Town,  
 And for England's own Self through the Seas I did  
 plow,  
 For four long Days I was toss'd up and down,  
 Like a Quid of chew'd Hay in the Throat of a Cow;  
 While afraid off the Deck in the Ocean to slip, Sir,  
 I clung like a Cat, a fast Hold for to keep, Sir,  
 Round about the big Post that grows out of the Ship, Sir—  
 O, I never thought more to sing, Llangolee!

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,  
 Till Ireland's Coast I saw clean out of Sight;  
 Myself, the next Day, a true Irishman proving,  
 When leaving the Ship, on the Shore for to light;  
 As the Board they put out was too narrow to quarter,  
 The first Step I took I was in such a Totter,  
 That I jump'd upon Land to my Neck up in Water!  
 O, that was no Time to sing, Llangolee!



---

Paddy Bull's Expedition, a Song.

---

But as sharp Cold and Hunger I never yet knew more,  
 And my Stomach and Bowels did grumble and growl;  
 I thought the best Way to get each in good Humour,  
 Was to take out the Wrinkles of both, by my Sowle;  
 So I went to a House where Roast Meat they provide, Sir,  
 With a Whirligig which up the Chimney I spy'd, Sir,  
 And which grinds all their Smoke into Powder beside, Sir.  
 'Tis true as I'm now singing, Llangolee.

Then I went to the Landlord of all the Stage Coaches,  
 That set Sail for London each Night in the Week;  
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,  
 As a Birth aboard one I was come for to seek;  
 But as for the Inside I'd no Cash in my casket,  
 Says I, "With your Leave, I make bold, Sir, to ask it,  
 When the Coach is gone off, pray what Time goes the  
 Basket?"

For there I can ride, and sing Llangolee.

When making his Mouth up—"The Basket," says he, "Sir,  
 "Goes after the Coach a full Hour or two;"  
 "Very well, Sir," says I, "that's the Thing, then, for me,  
 Sir;"

But the Devil a Word that he told me was true:  
 For though one went before and the other behind, Sir,  
 They set off, Cheek by Jole, at the very same Time, Sir,  
 So the same Day, at Night, I set out by Moon-shine, Sir,  
 All alone by myself, singing Llangolee.

O, long Life to the Moon, for a brave noble Creature,  
 That serves us with Lamp-light each Night in the dark;  
 While the Sun only shines in the Day, which by Nature,  
 Wants no Light at all—As you all may remark:  
 But as for the Moon, by my Sowle, I'll be bound, Sir,  
 It wou'd save the whole Nation a great many Pounds, Sir,  
 To subscribe for to light him up all the Year round, Sir,  
 Or I'll never sing more about Llangolee!

---

 The Metamorphoses of Fat and Lean—Dolly's Dilemma, a Song.
 

---

## THE METAMORPHOSES OF FAT AND LEAN,

TWO Attornies, one Day, met a Waggou and Team,  
 And, as Lawyers for Laughter can soon find a Theme,  
 Of the Driver they ask'd, in a bantering Vein,  
 Why his fore Horse was fat and the Rest were all lean?  
 When, to shew that two Sharps may be foil'd by a Flat,—  
 "Why 'tis true, (says the Fellow) old Dumbling's main fat;  
 But before he got into a Horse's Employ here,  
 'Tis said that the puff-bellied Rague was a LAWYER,  
 And the Rest, THEY could never in Bulk be such Giants,  
 Because heretofore the poor Beasts were all CLIENTS!"

---

 DOLLY'S DILEMMA, A SONG.

DAPPER John making Love to dear Dolly, one Day,  
 After many Days spent in close Wooing;  
 Grown impatient at Cupid's best Gambol to play,  
 And quite sick of sighing and suing;

Quoth he, "My sweet Girl, if I prove it quite plain,  
 "That the Match is half made up between us,  
 "Will you still with squeamish Reluctance refrain.  
 "To let Hymen his Aid lend to Venus?"

"Hymen's Aid," quoth the Nymph, "may be welcome to  
 you,

"But I own of his Help I'm afraid!  
 "Yet I'll not be condemn'd for a hard-hearted Jew,  
 "If you'll prove that the Match is half made."

"That's my dear little Christian," reply'd honest Jack,  
 "As that Promise my Blessing secures,  
 "For my own Leave to wed and to bed I don't lack,  
 "So of Course I want nothing but yours."

---

Dolly's Dilemma, a Song.—The Merry Mal-Entendu!

---

“ One Party's Consent, out of Two, is full Half,  
 “ Towards making both Parties agreed :”  
 Dolly fain would have parried the Proof with a Laugh,  
 But in Honour she could not recede.

Pledg'd and pawn'd was her Word, so she gave him her  
 Hand,  
 : As her Heart he had long before won :  
 And the half-made-up Match, though so long at a stand,  
 Was completed before setting Sun.

---

THE MERRY MAL-ENTENDU!

A recent Fact, though in Rhyme.

NICKNAMES, they say, are foolish things,  
 A Sort of Sapsull Jargon :  
 On which each Dolt the Changes rings,  
 A Question I'll not arg' on.

But this I know, and dare to say,  
 They oft create a Pother ;  
 In which the Wording points one Way,  
 And Meaning takes another.

Thus Jack and Nan, at Stirbich Fair,  
 Two Servants at an Inn ;  
 A Chambermaid and Waiter rare,  
 Were caught in Quibblers Gin.

For John in Country had been bred,  
 And Ann had been the same ;  
 And neither yet had troubled Head,  
 With things of twofold Name.

---

The Merry Mal-Entendu!

---

When lo ! Two Blades of London lore,  
Who chanc'd that way to pass,  
Bid John, when both were half seas o'er,  
To bring a Looking Glass.

So John up to the Chamber went,  
Unconscious of his error,  
And, quick returning, did present,  
The smooth and polish'd Mirror.

Blockhead ! says one : Says tother, Dunce !  
(And Nan within Ear-Shot,)  
A Glass !—Breshrew your empty sconce !  
We want a Chamber Pot.

Nan, hearing all upon the wing,  
Her flight up stairs she takes ;  
While Jack fetch'd down the proper thing,  
And rectified mistakes.

Next day, in state, came Lady Pride,  
And out of chariot bolting,  
“ I'm all in such a muck,” she cry'd,  
“ With so much dust and jolting.”

“ Shew me a room up stairs,” ‘ Yes Ma'am,’  
“ And now, d'ye hear, my Lass ?  
“ That I may see how touz'd I am,  
“ Bring me a Looking Glass.”

“ O yes,” says Nan, brisk as a bee,  
“ I'll do it in a crack ;  
“ I'm not so great a fool,” you'll see,  
“ As that great Numpscull, Jack.”

L

---

 The Merry Mal-Entendu!—How to be Happy, a Song.
 

---

So to the chamber up she flew,  
 Brought down the Crock'ry Ware,  
 And cry'd, "Here Ma'am is one quite new,  
 "And bought just now at Fair!"

"THAT!—Why I want a Looking Glass!"  
 "I know it Ma'am," says Nan;  
 "They took in Jack, poor silly ass,  
 "But take in ME, who can!"

---

 HOW TO BE HAPPY.—A SONG.

**I**N a Cottage I live, and the Cot of Content,  
 Where a few little rooms, for ambition too low,  
 Are furnish'd as plain as a Patriarch's tent,  
 With all for convenience, but nothing for show:  
 Like Robinson Crusoe's both peaceful and pleasant,  
 By industry stor'd, like the hive of a Bee;  
 And the Peer who looks down with contempt on a Peasant,  
 Can ne'er be look'd up to with envy by me.

And when from the brow of a neighbouring hill,  
 On the mansions of Pride, I with pity look down,  
 While the murmuring stream and the clack of the mill,  
 I prefer to the murmurs and clack of the town,  
 As blythe as in youth, when I danc'd on the green,  
 I disdain to repine at my locks growing grey;  
 Thus the the Autumn of Life, like the Springtide serene,  
 Makes approaching December as cheerful as May.

I lie down with the Lamb, and I rise with the Lark,  
 So I keep both Disease and the Doctor at bay;  
 And I feel on my Pillow no Thorns in the dark,  
 Which reflection might raise from the deeds of the day:

---

 How to be Happy, a Song.—The Peer overmatch'd by the Player.
 

---

For, with neither myself nor my neighbour at strife,  
 Though the Sand in my Glass may not long have to run,  
 I'm determin'd to live all the days of my life,  
 With Content in a Cottage and Envy to none!

Yet let me not selfishly boast of my lot,  
 Nor to self let the Comforts of Life be confin'd;  
 For how sordid the pleasures must be of that sort,  
 Who to share them with others no pleasure can find!  
 For my Friend I've a Board, I've a Bottle and Bed,  
 Ay, and ten times more welcome that Friend if he's poor;  
 And for all that are poor if I could but find Bread,  
 Not a Pauper without it should budge from my door.

Thus while a mad World is involv'd in mad Broils,  
 For a few leagues of Land or an arm of the Sea;  
 And Ambition climbs high and pale Penury toils,  
 For what but appears a mere Phantom to me;  
 Through life let me steer with an even clean hand,  
 And a heart uncorrupted by grandeur or gold;  
 And, at last, quit my Birth, when this life's at a stand,  
 For a Birth which can neither be bought nor be sold.

---

 THE PEER OVERMATCH'D BY THE PLAYER.

SAM FOOTE, a simp'ring Footman kept,  
 And dining with Lord Scratch,  
 The lofty Peer, no great Adept  
 In broaching WISDOM'S BATCH,

Tauntingly sneering, ey'd the Groom,  
 And thus address'd his Guest:

“Excuse me Sam if I presume

“For once to crack my Jest.

---

The Peer overmatch'd by the Player—Like, no Likeness—Rival Preachers.

---

“ While I have Fools in plenty here,  
 “ And ALL IN MOTLEY waiting,  
 “ Why stands that Dolt behind your chair,  
 “ To giggle while you're prating ?

“ My Lord, says Foote, since Jokes are free,  
 “ Fools live for Fools to cozen ;  
 “ So I keep ONE to laugh at ME,  
 “ While YOU maintain a DOZEN !”

— — — — —

### LIKE, NO LIKENESS.

TEADY meeting with Teague upon Waterford Quay,  
 Arrah now but, says he, What's the News of the Day ?  
 Troth, says Teague, None at all at all, worth while to  
 mind,

Excepting last night, that I saw a great Wind !  
 Saw a Wind, sure, says Teady, but that was quite queer !  
 Pray what was it like, and how did it appear ?  
 It appear'd very frightful, says Teague, by my sowle,  
 For I shook like an Asp to see how it did howl :  
 And for what it was *like*, by the King's precious Crown ;  
 It 'twas *like*——To have blown my poor Cabbín quite down !

— — — — —

### THE RIVAL PREACHERS.

TWO Curates, who Candidates were for a Living,  
 Which lay in the Prelate of Salisbury's giving,  
 Old Sherlock, more lauded, while here he drew Breath,  
 For his Treats to the Living, than Treatise on Death,  
 At his Table, where well they'd been feasted, were told,  
 That he who best preach'd should the Benefice hold :

---

The Rival Preachers.—The Bench arraign'd by the Bar.

---

So, as one was nam'd Lowz, and the other's Name ADAM,  
 On Sunday they both in their Clericals clad 'em;  
 When Lowz in the Morning, his Text reading loud,  
 Quoted "ADAM, *where art thou?*" which tickl'd the crowd;  
 And, to give him his due, his Discourse, with Wit fraught,  
 Was such, that the Crowd were both *tickl'd* and *taught*.  
 When, lo! after Vespers, poor ADAM too came,  
 After Lowz had the Changes oft rung on his Name;  
 And, to "ADAM *where art thou?*" his Text in Reply,  
 Was chosen, most happily, "LO, *here am I!*"  
 And happily did he so descant thereon,  
 And so happily handl'd the Theme, pro and con,  
 And his Sermon so happily bore off the Bell,  
 That, to crown Adam's Welfare, Lowz took his Farewel.

---

THE BENCH ARRAIGN'D BY THE BAR.

WHEN WILMOT was a rev'rend Judge,  
 And THURLOW but a Pleader;  
 His Lordship never bore him Grudge,  
 Though NED in Wit was Leader.

But oft he rais'd the Bencher's Glee,  
 With homespun Jest and Jibe;  
 AS NED, for hob-nail Repartee,  
 Topt all the Long-robe Tribe.

And once the Wag was told, in Lert,  
 (A Time not vastly tidy,)
 That Judgment Seat his Lordship meant,  
 To mount upon Good Friday.

"Why then, (quoth Ned,) by Jephthah's Name,  
 "An Oath, perhaps, you'll smile at,  
 "But One Judge ever did the same  
 "And THAT WAS PONTIUS PILATE!"



## FREEDOM AND INNOCENCE.

## THE BUCK'S CHARTER SONG.

Sung by the Author, at the Anniversary Feast of the Arts and Sciences  
Lodge, in Birmingham.

**D**AN Phœbus through Heav'n in diurnal Survey,  
Swiftly posting with Steeds which deride the sharp  
Goad;

His Chariot Wheels sweeping the smooth Milky Way,  
While the Zodiac spread Signs just like Inns on the Road;  
Each Planet and Star,  
Keeping Distance afar,

Their *faint* Light eclips'd by the Blaze of of his Car,  
While the Lark soaring high hail'd the rising Sun-shine,  
So may Freedom with Innocence ever entwine!

Now onward high-tow'ring his Tresses spread wide,  
Which Aurora to deck from her Toilet sprung forth;  
With her Comb-Brush detruding Night's Dandruff aside,  
While the stern bully, Boreas, scarce breath'd from the  
North;

When lo! the bright God,  
As through Æther he rode,  
Heard the Skies ring with Shouts from the Sons of Nimrod,  
Shrill Echo redoubling this Chorus divine,  
"May Freedom with Innocence ever entwine!"

With Envy now fir'd, fiercely sparkl'd each Ray,  
And the proud King of Crotchets indignantly cried,  
"Who thus fills with Uproar the Realms of the Day?"  
When young Iris trip'd up to the Charioteer's Side:  
And she cried, "let not Scorn,  
Scout the Hound and the Horn,

---

 Freedom and Innocence, a Song.
 

---

Here no Imps of Darknefs insult the bright Morn,  
 But Bacchus's Sons, hailing thee and the Nine,  
 Shew that Freedom and Innocence ever entwine !"

" Pack off, with your Patchwork" (Miss Frippery) says  
 Sol,

" Or your gaudy stripe'd Rainbow I'll trim black and blue;"

" Zooks am I to be school'd by a pert painted Doll ?

Not DIANA durst venture to prate thus like you !

Nay, I swear, shou'd that Sprite,

The pale Huntress of Night,

With such Uproar disturb the dread Sov'reign of Light,

She should soon at her Fate, like ACTEON, repine,

Who Freedom with Innocence ne'er did entwine.

Then DIANA rush'd forth from her star-spangled Train,  
 Saying " PÆCEUS look down on the Landscape below,

" Where the Laurel out-spreading waves o'er the wide  
 Plain,

" And " Sic evitabile Turba" you know :

" Then let Envy no more

" Deem those Sounds an Uproar,

" Which you, *Prince of Song*, need not blush to *encore* ;

" As Harmony dwells there with Concord divine,

" Where Freedom and Innocence ever entwine."

When lo, for his Pranks proud Apollo to scare,  
 Mighty JOVE of Celestials the most Noble Grand !

From Olympus descending in Lightning's dread Glare,  
 Thus in sky-rending Thunder proclaim'd his Command ;

That our Grandsire, Nimrod,

With his Race, o'er the Sod,

Mighty Hunters their Sport should pursue, before G— !

And, like Gods, to eternize their Order divine,

They should Freedom with Innocence ever entwine !

---

Freedom and Innocence.—Two different Causes for Playing the Fool.

---

For their Leader, cried Jove, is bright Semele's Son,  
And *be* like Latona's proud Offspring is *mine*;

So, that Justice to both by their Sire may be done,  
Phœbus, you take the Laurel, and Bacchus the Vine;

Whose Race spreading wide,

As the Ocean's broad Tide,

O'er the Globe's ample Surface the Lands shall divide;  
And I swear by Olympus, while Truth dwells in Wine,  
They shall Freedom with Innocence ever entwine!

Sons of Glory thus made by benevolent Jove,  
May Benevolence still be the Glory of Bucks;

And may Bacchus's Sons be by him link'd in Love,  
Who gave Light to the Sun, with his Fiat—"Sit Lux!"

May we keep Care at Bay,

Spurn all Discord away,

Arts and Sciences cherish till Time shall decay;  
And on each earthly Spot where the Sun deigns to shine,  
May Freedom with Innocence ever entwine!



TWO DIFFERENT CAUSES FOR PLAYING THE  
FOOL.

**A**N English Mountebank, we're told,  
To Scotland once repair'd,  
And on the Stage his Nostrums sold,  
Amid the blue-capt Herd!

But what obtain'd the best Vendue  
Of all the Emp'ric's Store,  
Was one priz'd Ointment to subdue  
Each skin-corroding Sore.

---

Two different Causes for playing the Fool.

---

Yet while the Pence in Pouch he put,  
His Andrew, born a Teague,  
Boasted his Master's rural Hut,  
Though distant many a League,

Was such as sham'd my Lord's Domain,  
Or Villa built by Squire ;  
Nor did the Doctor roam for Gain,  
His Views were something higher ;

For, Truth to tell, for Profits small,  
In Drugs he deign'd to piddle,  
To cure the Caledonians all  
Of *Caledonian Fiddle !*

When strait a Loon indignant cried,  
" Hoot, stint your Gab a' wee ;  
'Twas but Yestreen, gude Man, ye lied,  
Or noo ye lie--perdie ;

For then ye said, in gamesome Chat,  
Ye ne'er to Scotland came  
For scantling Want, because OF THAT  
Ye'd got enough at Hame."

" That's true, says Teague, but when I spoke  
Of trav'ling here for Pelf,  
And leaving Want at Home, the Joke  
Was all confin'd to Self.

Thus you and I the Cap may fit,  
From diff'rent Wants dear Honey,  
You *play the Fool for Want of WIT,*  
And I for *Want of MONEY.*"

---

The Unequal Combatants.—The Vocal Moralist, a Song.

---

### THE UNEQUAL COMBATANTS.

**M**RS. FORTY, who once kept at Chelt'nham the Spa,  
 And, 'tis like enough, now does the same;  
 One Night, when at Cards, her Antagonist saw,  
 That by far, she'd the best of the Game:

A Bystander asking him "how stood the Rub?"  
 He reply'd in a pertinent Pun,—  
 "Twice twenty poor Devils like me she can drub,  
 For the Odds are just FORTY to One!"

—\*—\*—\*—

### THE VOCAL MORALIST.—A Song.

Written Extempore; and sung after Dining with the Grand Jury at  
 W——— Ambros.

**W**HILE around the social Board here,  
 We the cheering Goblet chase,  
 Let no Miser boast his Hoard here,  
 Nor the Peer his highborn Race:  
 Ends of Candle and Cheese Parings,  
 Let Old Gripeall scrape and save,  
 And my Lord's Armorial Bearings,  
 Deck his Chariot, or his Grave.

But when Death with Tipstaff's Warrant,  
 (Serv'd alike on Kings and Clowns,)  
 Stops the Course of Life's swift Current,  
 Ending all its Ups and Downs;  
 May we, as no shuffling Nonsense  
 Can put off the reck'ning Day,  
 Arm'd to meet the Court of Conscience,  
 With a Smile, the Call obey.

Thus prepar'd to meet the Summons,  
 Hearts of Oak may find good Cheer,  
 Where dread Sovereigns, Lords and Commons,  
 Might rejoice their Course to steer:  
 But as oft the Catchpole's Capias  
 Takes poor Mortals by Surprise,  
 Let good Counsel never 'scape us,  
 How to face the GRAND ASSIZE!

~~\*\*\*\*\*~~

### CONJUGAL CREDULITY.

(Founded on Fact.)

**B**LIND Wittols will wink at their Spouses' defects,  
 When as plain as the sun at noon day;  
 And suppose Madam's honour their temples protects,  
 From the weapons of Bucks when at bay.

Thus a Planter, who liv'd in Antigua's warm isle,  
 Whose Wife took a Black to her bed;  
 With Raleigh's fam'd plant all his cares would beguile,  
 While *She* planted Horns on his head.

For he smok'd it by night and he smok'd it by day,  
 - From his pipe never wishing to stir;  
 And though *He*, for her jigging, the piper must pay,  
 'Tis certain he never smok'd *He*.

When at length pregnant symptoms of danger appear'd,  
 Which, in less than nine months must make known,  
 Whether young Pickaninny, with Sable besmear'd,  
 The good man would embrace as his own.

---

 Conjugal Credulity.
 

---

Such a plight to be in, she perceiv'd with alarm,  
 When on taking the Midwife aside,  
 She thought the best way to prevent future harm,  
 Was in her secret faith to confide.

So the whole truth came out, who the brat had begot,  
 And what colour of course he must be ;  
 When the matron heard all, and surpris'd not a jot,  
 Reply'd—" Leave the matter to me :

" I'll make old Cornuto leap out of his skin,  
 " Or near it, for joy of an heir,  
 " And all fears to remove, a fine tale will I spin,  
 " Which to swallow, I'm sure he won't spare.

" For you're *Longing for Charcoal*'s the thing I'll avow,  
 " And in secret you've told it to me ;  
 " That you've got a strange whim, and 'tis strange I'll allow,  
 " To devour it where no one can see."

The scheme thus concerted, Old Goody repair'd  
 To the husband, to wish him much joy ;  
 " For," says she, " my good Sir, all your pray'rs have  
 been heard,  
 " And you'll soon have a fine chopping Boy :

" Or suppose it a Girl, 'tis your own flesh and blood,  
 " And you'll not want an heir for your wealth ;  
 " But I've found out a thing that must not be withstood,  
 " And the thing must be done, too, by stealth.

" Madam's longing for Charcoal, and, wond'rous to tell,  
 " Though miscarriage and death should ensue,  
 " If not plac'd in the dark at her bedside,—full well  
 " I'm assur'd, not a grain will she chew.

---

Conjugal Credulity.

---

" But I'll undertake, if you'll say but the word,  
" That when you fast asleep seem to lie,  
" She'll crunch it and munch it, so sharply she's spurr'd,  
" Her capricious odd gust to supply.

" Eat Charcoal ! Lord, Lord, (says the husband) how  
strange !  
" The thought fills me full of dejection."  
" Phoo, phoo, (replies Goody) at worst 'twill but change  
" The young Hans in Kelder's complexion.

" And what if it does, be the Bairn fair or brown,  
" 'Tis better than no Bairn at all ;  
" For if still-born the Babe, 'twill be murder you'll own,  
" If as white as a Greenland snow ball.

With reluctance the Husband his doubts did dismiss,  
And the Charcoal was plac'd as directed,  
For Madam to munch in the dark,—but mark this,—  
Sugar Candy the business effected.

So forth from her pocket the sweetmeat she drew,  
And she crunch'd it with glee in the dark,  
While in pocket the Charcoal was hid from all view,  
When at morn rose the old doting spark.

Yet so stinted the medicine was every night,  
That the Midwife betrayed many fears ;  
If the poor little thing should at last see the light,  
That 'twould live but a very few years.

" May be so," says the Husband, " but this I'll be sworn,  
" Long or short let its life be ordain'd,  
" I'd rather 'twould kick up as soon as 'twas born,  
" Than my wife should with slander be stain'd.

M



---

 Conjugal Credulity.—The Desponding Negro, a Song.
 

---

“ For the neighbours will say, if I give her too much,  
 “ Being ignorant all of the cause,  
 “ When they see a black dye the young bantling besmutch,  
 “ That the mother has made some *Fore Paws*.

“ And crouds after crouds, then to scandal’s foul school,  
 “ Will, to make game of *me*, every one go;  
 “ Saying, she’s a young strumpet, and I an old fool,  
 “ That have got for an heir a young Mungo.”

When, the sequel to wind up, on one Monday morn,  
 And a black Monday ’twas to be sure,  
 Young Snowball as black as an Ethiop was born,  
 And his colour no washing could cure.

Look you there, says the Midwife, I knew how ’twould be,  
 Had you given her Charcoal enough,  
 Instead of this sable complexion you see,  
 You had saved the young gentleman’s buff.

Hold your tongue, you damn’d jade, says the Husband,  
 quite mad,  
 ’Tis the Charcoal has caus’d all this evil,  
 And I’m sure if a single grain more she had had,  
 My poor boy had been black as the devil.



## THE DESPONDING NEGRO, A SONG.

ON Afric’s wide Plains, where the Lion now roaring,  
 With Freedom stalks forth, the vast Desert exploring,  
 I was dragg’d from my Hut, and enchain’d as a Slave,  
 In a dark floating Dungeon, upon the salt Wave.

*Spare a Halfpenny—spare a Halfpenny—spare a Halfpenny,  
 to a poor Negro.*

---

The Desponding Negro, a Song.

---

Toss'd on the wild Main, I all wildly despairing,  
Burst my Chains, rush'd on Deck, with mine Eye-balls wide  
glaring,  
When the Lightning's dread Blast struck the Inlets of Day,  
And its glorious bright Beams shut for ever away.

*Spare a Halfpenny, &c.*

The Despoiler of Man, then, his Prospect thus losing,  
Of Gain by my Sale, not a blind Bargain choosing,  
As my Value, compar'd with my Keeping, was light,  
Had me dash'd overboard, in the Dead of the Night.

*Spare a Halfpenny, &c.*

And but for a Bark, to Britannia's Coast bound then,  
All my Cares by that Plunge in the Deep had been drown'd  
then;  
But by Moonlight descry'd, I was snatch'd from the wave,  
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery Grave.

*Spare a Halfpenny, &c.*

How disastrous my Fate, Freedom's Ground though I tread  
now,  
Torn from Home, Wife, and Children, and wand'ring for  
Bread now;  
While Seas roll between us, which ne'er can be cross'd,  
And Hope's distant Glimm'rings in Darkness are lost.

*Spare a Halfpenny, &c.*

But of Deeds fair and foul, when the Judge and the Ponderer,  
Shall restore Light and Rest to the Blind and the Wanderer,  
May the poor Sable Flock, here by Christians outcast,  
Find a peaceful long Home their sweet Refuge at last.

*Spare a Halfpenny, spare a Halfpenny,  
O, spare a Halfpenny to a poor Negro.*

---

The Hibernian Fisherman.—Exculpation.

---

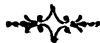
### THE HIBERNIAN FISHERMAN.

POOR Paddy, once angling on Liffey's green Side,  
 His Fish-hook and Line had scarce dipt in the Tide,  
 When a peppering Shower came on, Helter Skelter!  
 And under the Arch of a Bridge he took Shelter:  
 Where, while he once more was adjusting his Tackle,  
 He thus was o'erheard, like a Gander, to cackle:  
 " Devil burn me, but here since I'm drove to resort,  
 " While I'm snug in the DRY I'll be doubling my Sport,  
 " For by shifting my Ground the more Fish I shall get,  
 " As they'll all bundle HERE—to keep out of the WET!"



### EXCULPATION.

OLD Mumpsimus, Rector of Mary-la-bonne,  
 Being brought to Death's Door by the Gravel and Stone,  
 Young Sumpsimus, seeking Preferment to gain,  
 (Though the Doctor and he were good Friends in the Main,)  
 Apply'd for the Pars'nage, in Case and provided,  
 A Trip to the Grave the Incumbent betided;  
 When lo! as by Miracle rais'd from the Dead,  
 The Rector restor'd, sprung from Sickness's Bed;  
 And old Mumps being told what young Sumps had been doing,  
 And how for the Loaves and the Fish he'd been suing;  
 Burst out in Reproaches, 'till near out of Breath,  
 And revil'd the false Friend who had long'd for his Death.  
 " I long for your Death! No such Thing," says young Sumps,  
 " Had you dy'd, not your Wife had been more in the Dumps;  
 " As 'tis well known that I—though you're so unforgiving,  
 " Instead of your DEATH—only long'd for your LIVING."



---

Paternal Love and filial Piety.—The Golden Farmer, a Song.

---

### PATERNAL LOVE AND FILIAL PIETY;

OR, A LESSON FOR FUTURE TESTATORS.

**N**ICODEMUS, when summon'd to sup with Old Nick,  
 By his Will disinherited Prodigal Dick;  
 For, though Eldest, he trembled to make him his Heir,  
 As the Varlet was prone more to spend than to spare.  
 So, when his three Sons round his Deathbed were got,  
 All sniv'ling to see their poor Dad go to Pot;  
 Says the Old One,—I leave to my Second Boy Ned,  
 All my Lands and my Tenements, after I'm dead.  
 " Ah, Dear Sir," says Ned, " to lose you I'm so loth,  
 " That I pray you may live many Years to keep both."  
 All my Thousands in Cash, which I've toil'd so to save,  
 I leave my Son Tom, when I'm cold in my Grave.  
 " Dear Father," says Tom, " may you live many Years,  
 " To enjoy all you've sav'd, and to dry up our Tears."  
 As for Dick, though my Eldest, and first of my Brood,  
 Quoth old Hunks, as I'm certain he'll come to no Good,  
 And the Spendthrift will never his Gallows-Course alter;  
 I leave him—A Shilling to buy him a Halter !  
 " Sir," says Dick, " you're too good to so graceless an Elf,  
 " But I hope that you'll live to enjoy it Yourself."



### THE GOLDEN FARMER, A Song.

**W**HILE I'm blest with Health and Plenty,  
 Let me live a jolly, jolly Dog;  
 For as blythe as Five and Twenty,  
 For as blythe, &c.  
 Through the World I wish to jog.

Tol de rol de rol, &c,

---

---

The Golden Farmer, a Song.

---

---

As for greater Folks or richer,  
While I pay both Scot and Lot,  
And enjoy my Friend and Pitcher,  
And enjoy, &c.  
I've a Kingdom in a Cot.

Tol de rol de rol, &c.

Flocks and Herds in Fields, all nigh too,  
Corn and Clover, Beans and Pease,  
And in Hen Yard, Pond and Styee too,  
And in Hen Yárd, &c.  
Pigs and Poultry, Ducks and Geese.

Tol de rol de rol, &c.

While my Farm thus cuts a Dash too,  
'Poor Folks daily laboring on't,  
Who plough, sow, and reap, and thrash too,  
Who plough, sow, &c.  
I'll be thrash'd if they shall want.

Tol de rol de rol, &c.

He who sticks his Knife in Roast meat,  
And for Numbers has to carve,  
May the Churl the Whipping Post meet,  
May the Churl, &c.  
If he stuffs and lets them starve.

Tol de rol de rol, &c.

Aud when I like Neighbour Squeezum,  
Plot and scheme the poor to drain,  
Or, with Badgers join, to fleece 'em,  
Or, with Badgers, &c.  
Badger me for a Rogue in Grain.

Tol de rol de rol, &c.

---

The Golden Farmer, a Song.—Lines to Mrs. Second.

---

He for that who tills and cultures,  
 Now may laugh, but when old Scratch  
 Spreads his Net for Sharks and Vultures,  
 Spreads his Net, &c.

What a Swarm he'll have to catch !

Tol de rol de rol, &c.

Heaps of Grain then let them hoard up,  
 Heaps of Wealth while they count o'er,  
 All the Treasures I have stor'd up  
 All the Treasures, &c.

Are the Blessings of the Poor !

Tol de rol de rol, &c.



### TO MRS. SECOND;

ON HEARING HER SING A SECOND TIME.

**B**LEST with those Pow'rs the FIRST Applause to claim,  
 How strangely paradoxical thy Name !  
FIRST of the vocal Train, by all confess'd,  
 Yet SECOND call'd, and so by all address'd !  
 A strange Misnomer, which provokes a Pun,  
 Since thou, sweet Warbler, Second art to none !  
 For who points out, or would correct thy Faults,  
 But must correct himself, on Second Thoughts ?  
 And yet, could I, with Mimic Force, command  
 A Voice, to echo thine at Second hand,  
 With such a Gift of Imitation blest,  
 Of Songsters I should prove the Second best !  
 But I to Fame shall never take that Flight  
 I see, without the Gift of Second Sight.

---

To Mrs. Second.—A Fool's Bolt well Shot.

---

Yet, since thy **FIRST-RATE** Melody imparts  
 A **FIRST-RATE** Charm, to captivate our Hearts,  
 As all, from First to Last, throughout the Throng,  
 Second with Plaudits thy enchanting Song;  
 And with *One Voice* assert, as they opine,  
 "A Syren's *Voice* would *Second* be to Thine,"  
 Second, in Name alone, shall **SECOND** be,  
 While, in thy Praise, the World will **Second** Me!

~~=====~~

### A FOOL'S BOLT WELL SHOT.

**O**LD Homily, after a pious Discourse,  
 Which had lasted two Hours and more,  
 Observ'd that some **SLEPT**, while he preach'd, and what's  
 worse,  
 That some were such Brutes as to **SNORE**.

Then turn'd him about to a poor Ideot Boy,  
 Saying, "Look at that **NATURAL** there;  
 "Who never came hither his Nap to enjoy,  
 "Nor to Nod during Sermon or Prayer.

"While you, swinish Cormorants, pamper'd and full,  
 "With your guttling and guzzling at Dinner;  
 "Are more than that Maudlin, got drowsy and dull,  
 "And each a much more wretched Sinner."

"That's true," says Poor Tom, "but between you and I,  
 "Master Parson, 'tis equally true,  
 "That if I had not been such a Fool, by the Bye,  
 "I should surely have had my Nap too."

---

Some Rejoice at what others deplore.—The Thespian Truant.

---

## SOME REJOICE AT WHAT OTHERS DEPLORE.

"ARRAH now, (says poor Teague) don't be making your  
 Mocks,  
 (When a Newsmonger mention'd the Fall of the Stocks,)  
 "But, my Jew'l, set in Case that they're fallen indeed,  
 "And a Man may believe it as sure as his Creed,  
 "I've some Cause to rejoice at their Fall, by the Pow'rs,  
 "For it was but last Week—I was in them six Hours."

—O—O—O—

 THE THESPIAN TRUANT.—A VOCAL EPILOGUE.

Written several Years ago for a Gentleman who is now a Performer of  
 First Rate Celebrity; but who then ran away from the Grammar  
 School to join a Company of Itinerants at T——, and began his  
 theatrical Pursuit in the Part of TOUCHSTONE, the Motley Fool, in  
 the Comedy of AS YOU LIKE IT.

WHEN I got a sturdy Lad,  
 'Twas intended by my Dad,  
 I a Scholar should be made,  
 For some Scientific Trade,  
 Such bewitching Things he saw,  
 Tack'd, Physic, Church, and Law,  
 Here in Life's droll and farcical Scene—O!  
 But how little Jack,  
 Manag'd Matters in a Crack,  
 Hy down, Ho down, derry derry down,  
 In the Course of my Song will be seen—O!

Like a Goose that gobbles Grains,  
 Greek and Latin without Pains,  
 When a Chick I swallow'd fast,  
 But my Stomach would not last,  
 For my Appetite grew weak,  
 Both for Latin and for Greek,  
 And thought in this farcical Scene—O!  
 That a Fool's Work if done  
 In more Languages than one,  
 Hy down, Ho down, derry derry down,  
 Would but more make his Folly be seen—O!



---

 The Thespian Truant, a Vocal Epilogue.
 

---

So, resolving not to stick,  
 To a Thing that made me Sick,  
 Like the Wash we give to Hogs,  
 I "threw Physic to the Dogs,"  
 Leaving Doctors to their Skill,  
 How to cure and how to kill,

In this flim flam and farcical Scene—O !  
 Yet, Fingers, if made  
 For the Pulse-feeling Trade,  
 Hy down, Ho down, derry derry down,  
 Should be stuck upon Hands that are clean—O !

And as for the Church,  
 If I left it in the Lurch,  
 'Twas because I'd rather play  
 Than I'd either preach or pray,  
 And a double Game at Whist,  
 I prefer'd to doubl'd Fist,

When 'tis clench'd but to thump Cushion clean—O !  
 Besides, I despise  
 Throwing Dust in People's Eyes,  
 Hy down, Ho down, derry derry down,  
 To make Church Work a farcical Scene—O !

And as for the Law,  
 With its sharp and griping Paw,  
 'Tis a mighty pretty Plan,  
 To be playing Cat in Pan,  
 Backing Wrong against the Right,  
 And maintaining Black is White,

Or the Moon's made of Cheese, when 'tis green—O !  
 While the Flats they can fleece,  
 Like the Fox among the Geese,  
 Hy down, Ho down, derry derry down,  
 And can pluck and pick a Client so clean—O !

---

 The Thespian Truant.—An Occasional Address.
 

---

But I thought it would not do,  
 Such Picking to pursue,  
 So I fairly bade Adieu  
 To the Bar and Pulpit too,  
 And on Physic, like a Dunce,  
 I turn'd my Back at once,

As I never for Quackery was keen—O!  
 So I only went to School,  
 Just to learn to "Play the Fool,"  
 Hy down, Ho down, derry derry down,  
 And to night here I've open'd the Scene—O!

---

 AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

Spoken by Mr. McCready at the Opening of the Birmingham Theatre, in the Year 1798, just after the Death of the first Mrs. Pope, and the Marriage of Miss Farren to Lord Derby, and Introductory to the Appearance, that Season, of Messrs. Bannister, Munden, Kelly, and Murray; Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Mattocks, Miss Leek, and Mrs. Addison. Inserted at the Request of many Theatrical Friends.

AS Comparisons oft on our Fancies will strike,  
 When, in sporting a Thought, we demand—What 'tis  
 like?

So the Stage to an Ord'nary some may compare,  
 Where the Guests but too often find ord'nary Fare;  
 Yet the Host unabash'd will still hang out his Sign,  
 As he knows on coarse Viands keen Stomachs will dine.  
 But where delicate Taste tempers Appetite's call,  
 And *Forc'd*-meat, of all Things, *unseason'd*, will pall,  
 Even Turtle itself will be deem'd a vile Hash,  
 And we turn up the Nose at a spoil'd Calipash.  
 But as I, for two Years, your Purveyor have been,  
 And with Dishes dramatic have garnish'd the Scene,  
 Stock'd my Larder with Plenty, and fill'd ev'ry Part  
 With Provisions from fam'd Covent Garden's rich Mart,  
 And the choicest of Game cull'd from Old Drury's Stall,  
 Let it not be said, *now*, that I've drain'd *Leadenball*.\*

\* Pointing to his own Head.

## An Occasional Address.

Some few Birds of Passage, 'tis true, will take Wing,  
 And claim the same Freedom to *fly* as to *sing*;  
 So, while *Incedon* spreads his wild Pinions afar,  
 A *Storace* fills his Place, like a Wandering Star;  
 And should *she* the next Season like *him* baulk your Wishes,  
 I've but this to observe,—“ *STARS* are no *standing* Dishes.”  
 Then there's *Lewis* that *Rover*, that *Goldfinch* unmatch'd,  
 To no Summer Station confin'd or attach'd,  
 In a *Tangent* flies off—yet the *Stars* we implore,  
 That they'll speed his Return in a *Tangent* once more.  
 Mean while his *Wild Oats* make but Fame an Enroller,  
 That the *Gentleman* still will be leagu'd with the *Stroller* !

Nor can we our Duty so sadly forget,  
 As to make us deny, or to make us regret,  
 While our Stage of a *Pillar* sustains such a *Lop*,  
 That we've pitch'd on a *Bannister* now for its Prop.  
 While *Munden*, the Premier of Momus's Court,  
 The Mainspring of Mirth, and the Minion of Sport,  
 With *Kelly*, who calls up our Smiles and our Tears,  
 And whose Strains melt our Hearts while they ravish our  
       Ears,

Are prepar'd to present their best Fruits in due Season,  
 With the full flow of Soul and the Festal of Reason !  
 Nor must the glib Muse, though she runs hurry-scurry,  
 Overleap in her Speed the due Merits of *Murray*,  
 Whose Fame, long establish'd, needs no spurious Vamp,  
 Yet would crown sterling Worth with a Birmingham Stamp.  
 Thus Dollars, though weight, with a new Mark we grace,  
 And the Bullion goes off with a *still better Face* !\*  
 As for those who've among you past current before,  
 You well know *their* Worth—and *I* need not say more:  
 And though Worthies we boast, by our Bardling unsung,  
 As *he* bridles his *Pen*—*I* must bridle my *Tongue*.

\* His Majesty's Profile, no larger than a Silver Penny, was then struck,  
 with a Punch, upon every Dollar in Circulation.

Yet the Pause of a Moment but gives a new Spring  
 To that Impulse which vibrates the Heart's Master String,  
 An Impulse which rouses Remembrance's Aid,  
 That the Scene must soon close—when our Parts are *all*  
 play'd;

And that *Farren*, the Boast and the Pride of the Stage,  
 Form'd the Eye to delight and the Heart to engage,  
 Who at Love's proudest Altar has plighted her Vows,  
 While the bright dazzling Coronet circles her Brows,  
 On the same lowly Bed, when her Exit is made,  
 Must lie down in Oblivion, with *Pope's* gentle Shade!  
 But a Truce to those Tints of Mortality's Hue,  
 And a Truce to the Tints of Morality too;  
 Pale Dejection we'll scout—give our Cares to the Wind,  
 And look forward with *Hope*—let who will look behind;—  
 See the fair Queen of Smiles to a Countess *degraded*,  
 While the bright Queen of Tears wears her Laurels unfaded;  
*Her* Tears, while they flow, shall bring Joy in their Train,  
 And we'll hail the Continuance of *Siddons's* Reign!  
 Then there's *Mattocks*, the Handmaid of Humour and Whim,  
 In the Belle, or the Blowze—in the Pert or the Prim;  
 Whose Spirits give Life to inanimate Clods,  
 And can Mortals enchant—or enrapture the Gods!  
*Smz* your Favour so prizes—she'll die but she'll win it,  
 And the Prize if she loses—the Devil is in it!  
 On a Candidate likewise of choral Esteem,  
 We trust you'll the Smiles of Beneficence beam,  
 Whose bare *Name*, in *Wales*, would Protection bespeak,  
 As your true Antient Britons all rev'rence—a *Leek*.  
 And an *Addison's* Worth, if your Praise it incurs,  
 You'll at once be *Spectators* and *Guardians* of hers!  
 Thus, in light-feather'd, random-like, straitforward Vein,  
 Would we plead in Behalf of our whole Thespian Train;  
 While our Author well knows, "Hasty Scribblers will blot,"  
 And confesses, Point-plank—"A Fool's Bolt is soon shot."

N

---

 An Occasional Address.—The True British Tar, a Song.
 

---

So this dull tedious Homily now to complete,  
 Full as long as an old-fashion'd Grace before Meat,  
 Now *Uncover's* the Word—should you find a Repast  
 Which your Appetite tempts more to *feast* than to *fast*;  
 Though with Dainties the Table be *sparingly* stor'd,  
 Put up kindly with all that our Cheer can afford;  
 Then, of course, you'll cut *fair*, without *mongling*—and then,  
 Tis our Hope, when you've *cut*—That you'll all *come again*.

---

 THE TRUE BRITISH TAR, A Song.

**T**HE Sailor, so brave, scorns the dastardly Slave,  
 That in Fight turns his Back on the Foe;  
 Or his Post quits to shun the wide Mouth of the Gun,  
 That is pointed to level him low;  
 For the true British Tar, 'mid the Thunder of War,  
 Ne'er was known for a Flincher or Failer,  
 But he'll plunge with the Brave in a watery Grave,  
 Ere dishonour the Name of a Sailor.

Stormy Winds they may blow, and the Gulph yawn below,  
 Or the Billows to Mountains may rise;  
 Of no Danger afraid, he plows on, undismay'd,  
 Through the Waves when at War with the Skies;  
 For he makes up his Mind, and gives Care to the Wind,  
 Calling Boreas a blustering Railer!  
 While a Biscuit for Prog, and a small Sup of Grog,  
 Sink or swim, cheers the Heart of a Sailor.

And when call'd on to lend a kind Hand to a Friend,  
 That's for Want of a Lift quite aground,  
 He'll make over his Pay, but he'll soon clear his Way,  
 To set sail for the Port where he's bound;  
 For, says he, "Smite my Gib, if a Messmate in Crib,  
 "Shall be lodg'd by a Catchpole or Gaoler,  
 "But the Shirt from my Back to the Broker shall pack,  
 "To set free from the Bilboes a Sailor."

---

 The True British Tar, a Song.—Crispin and Kitty.
 

---

Yet the stout Heart of Oak, that ne'er shrunk from the  
 Stroke  
 Of the Death-dealing Blade or the Ball,  
 Still may hope and desire to escape Sword and Fire,  
 To revenge his brave Comrades that fall;  
 And in Fight on the Flood, Ankle-deep up in Blood,  
 Through the Conflict he'll ne'er prove a Failer,  
 Till the tricolour'd Rag strikes to Old England's Flag,—  
 Then,—Huzza ! Cries the true Britssh Sailor !

---

 CRISPIN AND KITTY :

Supposed to be written by a poor broken-hearted Cobbler on the Death  
 of his Wife.

“ **A**S close as to the sturdy *Sole*,  
 “ Is stitch'd the *Upper Leather*,  
 “ While I on Hoofs clos'd many a Hole,  
 “ We *Hoof'd* thro' Life together.  
 “ We *Wax'd* in Love, a faithful *Pair*,  
 “ I priz'd her as my *Awl*;  
 “ But when at *Last* her *End* drew near,  
 “ Death *Coax'd* her from my *Stall* !  
 “ Yet tho' my *Lapstone's* now a Load,  
 “ My *Strap* scarce worth attending ;  
 “ I trust my *Kit* now finds Abode,  
 “ Where Souls no more want *Mending* !”

*Thus CRISPIN sung, in doleful Dumps,*  
*Tho' Bootless was the Stave ;*  
*Till Eyes that stream'd o'er Shoes and Pumps,*  
*Were clos'd in KITTY's Grave !*

---

 The Lost Case.—Excuse for Oblivion.
 

---

## THE LOST CASE:

Taken from a recent Bath Anecdote,

ONCE a Wife, who of Prudence had got the Whip Hand,  
 Was driving Ding Dong to Death's Door;  
 When her Spouse told a Friend, "The whole Medical Band  
 "Were unable her Health to restore."

"Why so?" says AMICUS, "To me it appears,  
 "That, try'd Skill not a Skeptic should flout;  
 "And as CROOK \* has her Case known for many long Years,  
 "Of HIS Skill you can harbour no Doubt."

"May be so," says OLD CONJUX, "but yet by my Troth,"  
 (And he spoke it with Muscle quite steady),  
 "To plague him again I am damnably loth,  
 "Having Four Times cur'd her already."

\* A well-known Gentleman of the Faculty at Bath;

---

 EXCUSE FOR OBLIVION.

MARIA one Morning was smitten full sore,  
 With the Tooth-ach's unmerciful Pang;  
 And she vow'd, if she liv'd to the Age of Five-score,  
 That she still should remember the Fang:

But a skilful young Dentist her Torture dispell'd,  
 And so soon sent her Anguish to Pot,  
 That Mamma from her Flirting, a Rat having smell'd,  
 Cry'd, "Miss, Why your Tooth's quite forgot!"

When Miss, having shewn that the Grinder was gone,  
 "To forget 'tis but common," she said,  
 "Such a Thing as we think not worth thinking upon,  
 "For you see, 'tis quite OUT OF MY HEAD."

---

Collin and Phoebe's Cuckoo, a Song.—Tippling Tom the Tapster.

---

COLLIN AND PHŒBE'S CUCKOO, A SONG.

**I**N the Fields, when to Phœbe, one sweet Summer's Day,  
 I was making of Love, and she making of Hay,  
 On a sudden she lean'd on her Prong, and cry'd, "Pray  
 "Hark, hark,—Don't you hear? There's the Cuckoo!

Then my Shoulder she tapp'd, and cry'd, "Collin, I fear,  
 "No Cuckoo this Season before struck your Ear,  
 "So, if pennyless now, you'll be poor thro' the Year;  
 "Dear Heart, how unlucky a Cuckoo!"

With a Clasp then so close that she could not withstand,  
 Cry'd I, "'tis in Vain that my Fortune you've scann'd,  
 "For if Empty in Purse, I've an *Angel* in Hand;  
 "So I think I'm a Match for the Cuckoo!"

Like an Angel, then, smiling, she nam'd Time and Place,  
 When and where, for Love's Banquet, the Priest might say  
 Grace,

And she tells me, she now never looks in my Face,  
 But it puts her in Mind of a Cuckoo!

This poor little Bird, they'd persuade me bodes Horns,  
 But to prove, Love if blind, blinder Prejudice scorns,  
 An old Piece of Dutch Clockwork our Chimney adorns,  
 And we all the Year round hear the Cuckoo!



TIPPLING TOM THE TAPSTER,

**T**O ease his Heart of Sorrow's Load,  
 And *Lighten* all his Cares,  
 Poor Tom took oft the Tippler's Road,  
 Adown the Cellar Stairs.



---

---

Tippling Tom the Tapster.

---

---

Where from the Butt's exhal'rant Store,  
His gloomy Brow got brighten'd;  
And e're nine Months were past and o'er,  
Both of their Load were *Lighten'd*.

When lo! all on a Summer's Day,  
Just after *Thundery Weather*,  
Tom and his Master took their Way  
T' examine Stock together.

For Mild and Stale, the Landlord fear'd,  
Had had the wayward Luck,  
Amid the clatt'ring Peals he'd heard,  
To get all Thunderstruck!

So Tom was sent in Inner Vault,  
Where stood two fav'rite Taps,  
Which Fleecewell hope'd was free from Fault,  
And sav'd from all Mishaps.

And while he broach'd each outer Butt,  
-All fearful, sad and sober;  
Lest Clouds, in late Combustion put,  
Had spoil'd his best October:

Sly Tom rush'd out, with Looks aghast,  
And, to the Landlord's Cost,  
Rap'd out an Oath, "Twixt Peal and Blast,  
"Your fav'rite Store is lost.

"For One," says Tom, "Event most dread,  
"Most awful, and most fright'ning;  
"One Cask is struck, with Thunder, dead,  
"And One dry'd up with *LIGHTNING*."

PARONOMASIA POETICA,

ON TIPPOO THE LATE SULTAN OF MYSORE.

**T**IPPOO, while Sword in Blood he dipt,  
Nor priz'd it more than Water,  
His Arrows, too, with Poison Tipt,  
And make a Poo at Slaughter.

When Fortune, TIPPING him the Wink,  
Like Trull in TIPPING Shop,  
Said, "Half Way up my Wheel—dont shrink,  
"But mount its high Tip Top!

"For lo! It now stands still for Thee,  
"So to its Summit straddle;  
"And then the TIPPY shalt thou be,  
"Or otherwise the Twaddle."

When TIPPOO Tipt the Dame a Squeeze,  
And Tipt her next his Daddle,  
Saying, "The TIPPY, if you please,  
"But—D—mme—not the Twaddle."

Then down he sat, as Fame reports,  
And TIPPL'd with the Gipsej;  
Till Fortune, in her wanton Sports,  
Made foolish TIPPOO TIPSEY.

With Spirits, then, on TIPTOX, He  
Went forth at Foes to laugh;  
And TIPPOO made a Poo;—d'yc see?  
At Death, that grim TIP-STAFF.

When She, who late had Tipt him Smiles,  
Now Tipt the Fool a Frown;  
And while he curs'd the Harlot's Wiles,  
Grim Death Tipt TIPPOO down!

## DIFFERENT WAYS OF DRIVING, A Song.

SINCE here we are met in a jovial Throng,  
 To beguile old Time as he jogs along,  
 Let us sing while we drive dull Care before us,  
 A Song quite new to the good old Chorus,

Of Ding Dong, Dash along, High gee ho !

Over Life's high Road while we post away,  
 As Time and Tide will for no Man stay,  
 If we'd reach the Spot where we wish to arrive,  
 It must all depend on the Way we drive,

With a Ding Dong, &c.

The Hand of Industry will never fail,  
 As the Proverb tells us, to drive the Nail,  
 But ere we can boast we have rightly sped,  
 We must hit the *right* Nail upon the Head,

With a Ding Dong, &c.

The grave School Master, who learning spreads,  
 And would drive it into his Pupils' Heads,  
 Lays on with his Birch when in that he fails,  
 As if bent upon driving it into their Tails,

With a Ding Dong, &c.

Soon grown a Pack of conceited Elves,  
 Through Life we quarter the Road ourselves,  
 And perhaps when all we have learn'd at School,  
 Is to drive the Trade of a Knave or a Fool,

With a Ding Dong, &c.

---

Different Ways of Driving, a Song

---

Some drive it away through thin and thick,  
'Till Fortune plays them an Old Jade's Trick,  
For whenever she takes it in her Head,  
The Gipsej will neither be drove nor led,  
With a Ding Dong, &c.

Yet some at a Bargain by which to thrive,  
Like a Dog at a Bull will run full drive,  
And up or down, on the Steep or the Level,  
Set a Beggar o'Horseback he'll drive to the Devil!  
With a Ding Dong, &c.

When to shun a Gaol or to 'scape a Snap,  
A poor Dog's driven into Wedlock's Trap,  
While against the Collar he pulls and strives,  
Ah, says he, "Needs must when the Devil drives,"  
With a Ding Dong, &c.

Sometimes a Filly, that is Blood to the Bone,  
Shall be coupled, and for Life, to a Lifeless Drone,  
And we sometimes see such an odd match'd Pair,  
That the stoutest Horse is an old grey Mare,  
With a Ding Dong, &c.

At a Swing of a Size the Spendthrift runs,  
And he'll tell ye he knows how to drive the Duns,  
But the melting Cash in his Purse will burn,  
'Till the Duns at last drive HIM in their Turn,  
With a Ding Dong, &c.

Yet we all for the Lead and the Whip Hand strive,  
While over the Course of Life we drive,  
'Till the last Push over the Turf is past,  
And under the Turf we are bundled at last;  
With a Ding Dong, Dash along, High gee ho!

---

A Pattern Card for the Printers of Provincial Newspapers.

---

### A PATTERN CARD FOR THE PRINTERS OF PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS.

Written in 1797, as a 'New Year's Address to the Public, for the Birmingham Chronicle. And reprinted Here and Now to oblige a Number of our best Friends.

AS the Crisis is come, when by Custom invited,  
 To Customers all a few Lines are indited,  
 We take up a Pen to lay down a plain Truth,  
 That an Old batter'd Muse may retain a Colt's Tooth;  
 And, (Rhyme without Reason long 'custom'd to mumble,) If brought to Short Commons, the Beldam will grumble:  
 So fares it with Scribblers who feast on a Vapour,  
 Yet emptily crave to waste Ink and spoil Paper:  
 Nor can a plain Truth by Denial be foil'd,  
 That WE stand indited for sheets often spoil'd;

Yet no Charge but of *premature* Waste can we dread,  
 Since Newspapers ALL are *Wastepapers* when READ.  
 Now, the New Year arriv'd, 'tis expected by You,  
 That, to garnish our News, we should say something New:  
 Something New?—Why there's Nothing so easily said,  
 When Novelty's Hand by Invention is led;  
 But Facts are so dull and so sluggish in teeming,  
 That standing alone they are scarce worth esteeming.

To say, "With Attachment that never can waver,  
 We've Hearts deep impress'd with your Friendship and Favour;  
 Where Gratitude long has unshakenly sat,"  
 'Twere a Fact you'll acknowledge.—But who esteems That?  
 But to say "Of past Bounties, so high priz'd the Rate is,  
 That, such to Return, we'll in future Print *Gratis*;"  
 'Till a Fiction it prov'd, would be laudable deem'd,  
 And such Piece of News would be *highly* esteem'd.

---

A Pattern Card for the Printers of Provincial Newspapers.

---

Now to say 'We're at War, and that War causes Want,'  
 Is the Croaker's dull Tale and the Time's gloomy Cant;  
 But give Things a new Turn, and proclaim Peace and Plenty,  
 For *One* Reader *this* Week, the *Next* we'd have *Twenty*.  
 Yet, alas, the Poor Newsman to Facts is confin'd,  
 Nor can get by False News his Old Pockets new lin'd.

Now to Thousands we think 'twould be both new and pleas-  
 ing,

That Taxes were dwindling and Trade was increasing;  
 And no Doubt but 'twould cherish *All Saints* here on Earth,  
 To hear that *All Sinners* had found the New Birth:  
 Nay at Court, where they say—Sinners take their full Swing,  
 Many think a *New Birth* would not be a bad Thing.  
 Then if Fox we made Minister, tumbl'd down Pitt,  
 And chang'd Measures and Men in a new fangling Fit;  
 Even Fictions like those would not raise our Supplies,  
 But our Credit be lost by a New Birth to Lies.

Suppose we should say, though not new is the Boast,  
 That "for News to present ye, we grub every Post;  
 That at no Side we scoff, of no Faction make Fun,  
 But to all Parties open, we're Panders to none."  
 Some Crab in a Corner such News would decry,  
 And say—'Tis no New Thing for Printers to lie.'

Some few will allow we tell Truth to a Tittle,  
 Some *HERE* find too much, and some *THERE* find too little;  
 But whatever they find, some with Discontent fraught,  
 While they're chewing the Cud, will not cease to find Fault.

The staunch Tory insists, that 'We're cowardly Calves,  
 'And our Bleating but shews—We're but Loyal by Halves!'  
 That "an honest John Bull should both *BELLOW* and *BUTT*,"  
 And nothing but *GORING* his Fury can glut.

---

Pattern Card for the Printers of Provincial Newspapers.—Lady's Choice

---

The *WHIG* says " We flout at a wholesome Reform,  
Nor wish the Helm shifted, though lost in the Storm;  
That we truckle to time serving Slaves and such Things,  
And our Paper's a Puff to the Chapter of Kings"

The *Mod'rate*, well pleas'd with our Proses and Rhymes,  
Asks, ' Why Moderation is mark'd with such Crimes?"

But while Things we write for all Parties to read,  
To cscape free from Blame 'twere a New Thing indeed!  
So, Blushless and bold, we'll pursue the Old Plan,  
And strive to please ALL, still as WELL as we CAN.



#### THE LADY'S CHOICE.

LUCINDA's Luck did Spinsters grudge,  
While Lovers twain pursu'd her;  
For while she charm'd an old grave JUDGE,  
A young gay SHERIFF woo'd her.

The JUDGE was rich, the SHERIFF poor,  
Papa prefer'd his Lordship;  
And Mammon scorn'd for Cupid's Lure,  
Old *Squaretoes* deem'd a Hardship.

But Miss, whom Rank nor Wealth could move,  
To be by Dotard bedded;  
(For if Jack Ketch had gain'd her Love,  
The Hangman she'd have wedded:)

Said—" Since, ' to LOVE and CHERISH too  
" Was Wedlock's Institution;  
" JUDGMENT, may have its Weight with You,  
" But I'm for EXECUTION."

---

Epitaph.—The Political Chapter of Letters, a Song.

---

## EPITAPH

On PAUL FULLER and PETER POTTER, who lie buried close by each other in OLDDHAM Church Yard.

**T**HIS held by PETER and by PAUL,  
 That when we fill our Graves or Urns,  
 Ashes to Ashes crumbling fall,  
 And Dust to Dust once more returns !  
 So here, a Truth unmeant for Mirth,  
 Appears in Monumental Lay ;  
 PAUL's Grave is fill'd FULLER's EARTH,  
 And PETER's cramm'd with POTTER's CLAY !



## THE POLITICAL CHAPTER OF LETTERS.—A SONG.

Sung in the Evening Brush, by the Author, when representing the Character of an Irish Schoolmaster.

N. B. According to the Prosody of the Brogue, the Accentuation of the Word "Characters" must be laid on the Second Syllable, instead of the First.

**T**HOUGH Letters are look'd on as harmless Things,  
 They've got, like the Roses, their Sweets and Stings,  
 For they often such whimsical Words compose,  
 As may lead foolish People from Words to Blows,  
     While the littlest Characters,  
     Would like your lame Actors,  
     Be Capitals all in their Turn !

Thus, when A was an Alderman sleek and fat,  
 And B was a Beadle with nine tail'd Cat,  
 Then C was a Clerk who kept driving the Quill,  
 And D was a Doctor who found by his Skill,

That the littlest Characters, &c.

O



---

 The Political Chapter of Letters. a Song.
 

---

For when E like an Englishman, bold and brave,  
 Found F, like a Frenchman, a fractious Knave,  
 Then G, like a German, said "Var vash near,"  
 And said H, like a Hollander, "Yaw Myaheer:"

As the littlest Characters, &c.

Thus A B and C, D E F and G,  
 H I K and L, M N O and P,  
 Q R S and T, U W and X,  
 With Y and with Izzard the World may perplex,

While the littlest Characters, &c.

As with Letters in France they've such Pranks and Freaks,  
 'That they Almanacks make without Sabbaths or Weeks,  
 For the Devil a One in their Calendar's there,  
 And they're both kick'd out of their Dictionaire,

While the littlest Characters, &c.

And those Snakes in the Grass they are all at Work,  
 To poison our Principles all in a Jerk,  
 By the turning of Monarchy out of Doors,  
 To make us all Democrat Sons of Whores,

While the littlest Characters, &c.

But here such Characters no more would be,  
 Than the Dot of an I, or the Dash of a T,  
 If there did not some Dashers amongst us dwell,  
 Who, but give them an Inch, and they'll take an Ell,

As the littlest Characters, &c.

While the Capitals mostly that make them vex,  
 Are G for Georgius and R for Rex,  
 Though what stuck in their Stomachs awhile do ye see,  
 Like a great Choak Pear, was P I double T.

As the littlest Characters, &c.

And were such Characters to rule the Land,  
Our Fate we might read in a legible Hand ;  
But unable to bite, they can only bark,  
And 'tis well they're not able to make their Mark,  
As the littlest Characters, &c.

And then some of them too made a sad Mistake,  
When they all thought wonderful Figures to make,  
By putting our Government out of Joint,  
But 'twas not on the Figures to carry their Point,  
Though the littlest Characters, &c.

For by carefully minding our Ps and Qs,  
We prov'd them such Cyphers in all their Views,  
That they look'd when they found all their Projects fail,  
Like a Figure of Nine that had lost his Tail,  
Though the littlest Characters, &c.

And says I to a Rogue that a Groat wou'd buy,  
There are two little Letters call U and I,  
Yet I hope when the Devil demands his Due,  
That, " I may be never mistaken for You."  
Though the littlest Characters, &c.

But for Harmony's Sake between High and Low,  
While the Changes we ring on the Cross-cross Row,  
May a Change for the better in both produce,  
The Enjoyment of Freedom without the Abuse ;  
And then Englishmen all,  
High and low, great and small,  
Will like Englishmen act in their Turn.

---

---

**Political Chapter of Letters.—Modern Philosopher's Creed & Principles.**

---

---

And I hope that while here above Ground we plod,  
 We never may flinch at Affliction's Rod,  
 And after we've taken a peaceful Nod,  
 With the Folks that lie quietly under the Sod,

From the Ground to the Skies,  
 Like the Larks may we rise,  
 And be all of us happy in Turn.



**THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER'S CREED AND PRINCIPLES.**

Thanks to the AGE of REASON, and other precious Productions of  
 the Press,

**A**S Chance produces Even and Odd,  
 Imprimis,—I believe—No God;  
 From Chance arises Good and Evil,  
 And therefore,—I believe—No Devil;  
 Of Gospel Truths let Bigots prate,  
 But I believe—No future State;  
 So leave to Sixes and to Sevens,  
 Angels and Fiends, and Hells and Heavens,  
 I laugh at Churches built for Pray'r,  
 Let Reason rear her Temple there;  
 Reason, blest Goddess! who disdains  
 Religion's Curbs, and mental Chains;  
 Reason which sets the Mind at Ease,  
 To think and act as Mortals Please;  
 Nor fears to forfeit future Bliss,  
 In Worlds to come, for Joys in this;  
 Nor teaches future Pains to fear,  
 For Life's full Swing of Pleasure here;  
 Pleasure uncheck'd, and unrestrain'd,  
 No Matter whence or how obtain'd,

By Worth or Merit, Fraud or Force,  
 All Things in Life must have their Course;  
 Tygers, as well as Lambs, must live,  
 Serpents and Doves alike receive  
 From Nature's Storehouse, Life's Support,  
 Though One's destroy'd for 'Tother's Sport.  
 So I, whom Pleasures ne'er can cloy,  
 Will ne'er rescind one earthly Joy,  
 While I can 'scape the griping Paw  
 Of that old Pinchvice, Earthly Law;  
 Keep clear of Newgate's fatal Drop,  
 And short of Transportation stop;  
 The Whipping Post and Pill'ry shun,  
 And Bailiff's Writ and Suit of Dun.  
 Ne'er will I, baulk'd of One Delight,  
 Restrain One luscious Appetite;  
 Nor heed the Means, to reach the End,  
 Nor Neighbour spare, nor spare a Friend.  
 If I his Property can gain,  
 Be mine the Pleasure, his the Pain;  
 Or from his Bed seduce his Wife,  
 His Mis'ry can but last for Life;  
 The pangs he feels will be so short,  
 That, Damn all Pity,—“That's your Sort.”  
 All's over, when we're lifeless Logs,  
 And He and I must die like Dogs.  
 Then who on Earth would Vigils keep,  
 Since Death is one eternal Sleep?  
 Or who would weep, or fast, or pray?  
 Since Good and Bad, when call'd away,  
 Are all but kneaded Clods of Clay!  
 Then, when with Passions fierce I burn,  
 All future Fears and Hopes I spurn,  
 But States and Realms I'd overturn,  
 Nor for the Fall of Millions mourn!

---

Modern Philosopher's Creed & Principle.—The Countercheck Charitable.

---

Pleasure be mine at Life's high Flood,  
 I'd wade through Seas of human Blood;  
 And mine be Wealth, and Pomp and Pow'r,  
 I'll laugh in Life's expiring Hour;  
 To the last Gasp relentless revel,  
 Nor dread the Name of God or Devil;  
 But boldly bid the World, Farewell,  
 Nor fear nor care for Heav'n or Hell!

— — — — —

### THE COUNTERCHECK CHARITABLE.

To the Red Hot Advocate for Mr. Thomas Pain, who, in a Letter signed "Mercurius", arraign'd the Author, as a wretched, lying Poetaster, for asserting, that so Great and Good a Man denied the Existence of a Future State.

**W**HEN, Mercurius, your doughty Caduceus you wave,  
 With Serpents entwisted, your Victims to strike at,  
 E'en Plœbus's Lash would your Prowess outbrave,  
 And Reason and Rhyme level Weapon alike at.

For, when PAIN we expose, your Idolatry's God,  
 Whose Faith on your Sleeve so devoutly you pin,  
 At your Fiat alone we must all rue the Rod,  
 Which you brandish, our heretic Bottoms to skin.

Yet the Hand unimpartial we grant should be stopt,  
 Which represents PAIN in a false Point of View;  
 And, though coarse is the Phrase, yet your Phrase to adopt,  
 "Those of Devils who speak, should give Devils their Due!"

Ergo, he who takes Pains to misrepresent PAIN,  
 By Punning, or Quibbling, or Jingling, or aught,  
 To reverse ALL THAT'S BAD, must his Faculties strain,  
 And a Picture pourtray, without Blemish or Fault.

Has the BRUSH so pervertedly swept o'er the Ground?  
 (Though too often the Handler both stumbles and limps,)   
 Or does he ONE Devil with Angels confound?  
 Let the Question be solv'd by the CHIEF of his IMPS!

You assert, that his Creed future Life doth agnize,  
 And that THAT gives the Lie to the poor Poetaster;  
 But Professions adopted to sanction worse Lies,  
 Claim the Credence alone of a vile Criticaster!

To premise in a Text what the Comment explodes,  
 Is upholding a Tree, while at Root strikes the Ax;  
 So he models his Cant about future Abodes,  
 As we mould a Disguise, with a meer Nose of Wax.

He admits of a God; too, but God only knows  
 What he means by the Term, for HIS God seems a  
 CREATURE,

Unmov'd as a Stock at our Bliss or Woes,  
 Though appointed, by Fate, Acting-Partner with Nature!

Ah! light headed Boy, pluck the Wing from thy Brow,  
 Quit the Name of a Scout between Heaven and Hell,  
 Spurn Apostacy's Pandar, and thankfully bow,  
 That thou art not inmesh'd in his Hell-woven Spell!

Then reflect that a BACON, a NEWTON, a BOYLE,  
 A LOCKE, and a Legion of Sages beside,  
 From the Rays of Religion did never recoil,  
 Nor presumptuously dar'd its bright Beams to deride!

And when a vile Pigmy in Science's Lore,  
 Their Footsteps Colossal proclaims were misled,  
 Both his Darkness and Danger alike we deplore,  
 And bewail the sad Warp of his Heart and his Head.

While the poor Poetaster, unmov'd at thy Spleen,  
 Which with Language indignant bespatters his Name,  
 Most gladly the Suckling from Poison would wean,  
 Which a FRIEND has work'd up, to get DAMN'D into FAME!

---

*The Author's Brush through Life. a Song.*

---

THE AUTHOR'S BRUSH THROUGH LIFE,  
A SONG.

SINCE in Cradle I rock'd or in Go-Cart I ran,  
Through Life I've enjoy'd ev'ry Inch of my Span,  
And my last Barley-corn I'll employ, if I can,  
To make future Time still the Pastime of Man ;

And, through the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
of each revolving Day,  
To brush the Cares of Life away !

When a Stripling, Correction could ne'er put a Stop,  
To my jiggling with the Girls at a blind Fidler's Hop ;  
Though I got by frequenting the capering Shop  
Knock'd about like a Ninepin, and lirrupp'd like a Top ;

Yet, through the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
of each revolving Day,  
I brush'd the Cares of Life away !

But what soon put an End to the Dance that I led,  
As with Food for the Mind I'd but scantily been fed ;  
While hopping and capering, it popp'd in my Head,  
That by slighting my Book, I might hop short of Bread ;

And through the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
of each revolving Day,  
The Cares of Life might cross my Way !

And on hearing my Friends, when at Fools they inveigh'd,  
Say, that no Terms with Fortune, that coy jilting Jade,  
Could, without a good Share of Assurance, be made,  
I resolv'd to set up, with a good Stock in Trade ;

And through the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
of each revolving Day,  
To brush the Cares of Life away !

---

---

The Author's Brush through Life, a Song.

---

---

So I chose a merry Heart when I single'd out a Wife,  
 As I wish'd to live and laugh all the Days of my Life;  
 And to shun those Edg'd Tools, call'd Contention and Strife,  
 Which are sure to cut Love ten Times worse than a Knife.

Thus, through the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
 of each revolving Day,  
 I brush'd the Cares of Life away !

For, thanks to my Stars, I found one to my Mind,  
 With whose Help I can puff all my Sorrows to the Wind,  
 And I ne'er use a Spy-glass her Failings to find,  
 For if I wink at *her* Faults, to *mine* she is blind ;

Thus, through the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
 of each revolving Day,  
 I've brush'd the Cares of Life away !

And with not much to spend, or to save, or to spare,  
 Yet when Age and Infirmities fall to my Share ;  
 Though hobbling on Crutches or plinn'd to my Chair,  
 Twill go hard but I'll kick up the Crutches of Care ;

And through the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
 of each revolving Day,  
 Still keep the dismal Drone at Bay !

If my Fire burns low why should that baulk my Mirth  
 While my Embers are warm and my Friends round my  
 Hearth,

And I know, when my Post I must quit here on Earth,  
 About Six Foot below I shall find a snug Birth ;

Where all the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
 of each revolving Day,  
 And all our Cares are brush'd away !



---

The Author's Brush through Life, a Song.—Truth told in Jest.

---

And, as honest Jack Rattling, the Sailor, says oft,—  
 At the Great Board above if we never have scoff'd,  
 And our Hearts are but sound, if our Sconces are soft,  
 We may hope, from below, to get pip'd up aloft ;

Where all the Rounds and Ups and Downs  
 of each revolving Day,  
 And all our Cares are brush'd away !

—•••••—

### TRUTH TOLD IN JEST.

**C**ARLO Khan, when in Place, and invested with Pow'r,  
 Though short was his golden Career,  
 In Splendor and Pomp ever thirsting to tower,  
 A Palace-like Mansion did rear !

And,—round the proud Villa,—the Park and the Lawn  
 Were extended,—a Feast for the Eye !  
 While the Blade-browsing Stag, and the Thyme-nibbling  
 Fawn,  
 Did a Feast for his Table supply.

But—Strange to relate !—With his staunch-mettle'd Hounds,  
 And the Help of his Gamekeeper's Gun,  
**REYNARD'S** Breed was so thinn'd, that within his wide  
 Bounds,  
 Not a **FOX** could be met with but One !

Yet fearing his Fences were something too slight,  
 To repel such Freebooters as they ;  
 New Posts and new Rails, he determin'd outright,  
 Should exclude them from Plunder and Prey.

---

Truth told in a Jest.—The Quaint Punster.—The Wit of the Dead, &c.

---

The Posts were all made, but the Rails were unfinish'd,  
Which Carlo took Dudgeon to find;  
And he threaten'd Dismission, and Wages diminish'd,  
To negligent Bailiff and Hind.

When A—mst—d, who then was the Envy of Toasts,  
Thus consol'd him for Want of new Paling;  
“ Dear Carlo, do You but dispose of the Posts,  
“ And the Country will find you in RAILING !”

---

THE QUAINP PUNSTER.

**T**OM Warton, who sported a Pun with more Humour  
Than Foote ever ply'd Repartee,  
When it came to his Ears by the loud Buz of Rumour,  
That Peers sordid Muckworms can be;

For a rich noble Duke all his Fishponds had dragg'd,  
And had sold all his Fish for the YELLOW:  
Why then, reply'd Tom, (who at Wit never lagg'd,)  
“ His Grace is a damn'd SELL-FISH Fellow !”

---

THE WIT OF THE DEAD A HINT FOR THE  
LIVING.

**W**HEN Pitt's noble Father in Parliament sat,  
Whose Discourse on all Subjects was pointed and pat,  
He one Day a most flaming Philippic let fly,  
At Priests, who in Pride, Peers and Commons outvie:  
While their Av'rice was such, that their Country might sink  
Under Foreign Attacks, e'er they'd-part with their Chink.

---

Wit of the Dead a Hint for the Living —Hibernian Watchman, a Song.

---

And when Beetle-brow'd W—rb—t—n, Prelate of Gl—t—r,  
 Sticking both Arms akimbo, in Billingsgate Posture,  
 Ask'd, "When he'd leave Preaching?"—Quoth Chatham,  
 unpuzzled,  
 "My Lord, when, like you, with a Mitre I'm muzzled."



### THE HIBERNIAN WATCHMAN:

OR, PAST TWELVE O'CLOCK, A SONG.

**W**HILE Midnight Topers their Bottles drain,  
 In a merry Cue and a merry Vein,  
 I am beating the Rounds in the Wind and Rain,  
 Crying, "Past Twelve o'Clock!"

And while stretch'd out in the Beds they lies,  
 And they snores and snorts like Pigs in their Styres,  
 O, I stretches myself, and I, gaping, cries,  
 "A past Twelve o'Clock!"

And perhaps just then some swaggering Chap,  
 Upon my Shoulder gives a Tap,  
 And he cries, "Arrah Paddy, don't take a Nap,  
 Though its past Twelve o'Clock!"

When a loving Couple, that's upon the Stroll,  
 Gets into a Corner, Cheek by Jole,  
 Then I comes with my Lanthorn and my Pole,  
 Crying, "Past Twelve o'Clock!"

So, I gets a Tizzy for to let them alone,  
 And I minds them no more nor a Stock or a Stone,  
 But I turns aside with a gentle Tone,  
 Crying, "Past Twelve o'Clock!"

---

The Hibernian Watchman, a Song.

---

But when Lamps are breaking by your dashing Dons,  
As I've had my Scull crack'd more nor once,  
O, I scampers away, for to save my Sconce,  
With, " a past Twelve o'Clock !"

To a poor ragged Wench, when I beats the Round,  
That without a Farthing I've often found,  
O, says I, you're the Cattle that must fill my Pound,  
Now its past Twelve o'Clock !

And, to squeeze the Pockets of a poor green Clod,  
When he can't find his Way to the Land of Nod,  
O, says I, Mr. Muzzy, you must go to Quod,  
For its past Twelve o'Clock !

But a Neighbour's House if 'tis open broke,  
And I gets well touch'd, I laughs at the Joke,  
And I softly cries, not to wake the Folk,  
A past Twelve o'Clock !

Thus, though my Labour at Night is great,  
Yet I knows all the Day how to live in State,  
And I never repine at a Watchman's Fate,  
Crying, " Past Twelve o'Clock !"

For I does my Work by the Rule of Thumb,  
To come in for my Share of Crust and Crumb,  
For the which I sometimes seem half dumb,  
Crying, " Past Twelve o'Clock !"

And the Neighbours never believes I mocks,  
When I bids them look to their Bolts and Locks,  
But they gives me a Thumper of a Christmas Box,  
For my—" Past Twelve o'Clock !"

P

---

The Well-Matched Pair.—Hard Work for a Fat Couple.

---

### THE WELL-MATCH'D PAIR.

MISS Termagant to Trickwell married,  
 Whose gambling Skill had Thousands harried,  
 When Curate Coupler fast had tied them,  
 An old dry Wag sarcastic ey'd them;  
 And as from Church they Home were tramping,  
 The hopeful Cud of Wedlock champing;  
 He forming Schemes from Madam's Dower,  
 To bed her in a golden Shower;  
 And she, with Mind unbent on Riches,  
 Deep plotting how to wear the Breeches;  
 "Ah, (says Old Quiz) there goes a Pair,  
 "Each other's Welfare born to share;  
 "For Traps are useless without Catches,  
 "And CARDS and BRIMSTONE make good MATCHES."



### HARD WORK FOR A FAT COUPLE.

SIR Tunbelly marries Miss Midriff for Pelf,  
 And my Lady soon gets full as fat as himself;  
 Captain Midriff, her Brother, meets both in his Rounds,  
 And observing the Bulk of the Pair, he cries, "Zounds!  
 "What a Couple of Woolsacks together are yok'd!  
 "More Exercise take, or with Fat you'll be chok'd."  
 Says my Lady, "More Exercise! none of your Airs,  
 "Ev'ry Morn, Noon and Night, I walk up and down  
 Stairs.  
 "Now don't I, Sir Tun?" Says Sir Tunbelly, "Ay,  
 "And, my Dear, that I'm lazy, let Nobody say,  
 "For I walk round your Ladyship three Times a Day!"



---

Conjugal Compliments after a Squall at Sea.—Growth of a Lie, a Song.

---

CONJUGAL COMPLIMENTS AFTER A SQUALL AT  
SEA:

**I**N crossing the Channel from Calais to Dover,  
 We scarcely had weather'd the Storm,  
 When a fond happy Pair, now the Danger was over,  
 Saw Fish round the Brigantine swarm;  
 "Those are *Gluttons* and *Epicures*, Nancy," cry'd Ned,  
 "And as I am as fat as you're fair,  
 "Had our Fate been to sleep in a watery Bed,  
 "We a Banquet for both had been there."  
 Said Nancy, "No Doubt, and I think you'll agree,  
 "That, as all Things their Object pursue,  
 "The *Epicures* all had been nibbling at me,  
 "While the *Gluttons* were gorging on roe."



THE GROWTH OF A LIE:

OR, THE CATEATER NEW DRESS'D! A SONG.

From the Tale, Page 15.

**A**S Bunbury's Print informs our Eyes,  
 How swift, when broach'd, a Falsehood flies,  
 My sing song Sketch but aims to shew,  
 How fast, when hatch'd, a Lie will grow.  
 Which, like a Bell, rings through the Throng  
 Dong ding, Ding dong, Dong ding Dong!

Poor Bob, with Laboring near done up,  
 On humble Fare sits down to sup,  
 And thinks no Harm, (his Taste to please,)  
 For once to toast his Bread and Cheese,  
 But mark what Lies, &c.

P 2

---

The Growth of a Lie. a Song.

---

Says Bob, next Morn, to his Brother Joe,  
I'm as hung'ry now as a carrion Crow,  
Thoug'h I, - with a swinging Appetite,  
A fine Welch Rabbit eat last Night.

When, lo what Lies, &c.

Joe swore to Jack, for the Dog was drole,  
That Bob had eat up a Rabbit whole,  
And Jack told Tom, which made him stare,  
Instead of a Rabbit, a fine fat Hare.

So Lies like Bel's, &c.

For Tom told Dick, by the Way of Chat,  
That Bob for Supper had eat a Cat,  
And it soon was buzz'd from Hive to Hive,  
That the Beast had swallow'd the Cat alive!

Thus Lies, like Bells, &c.

But as Scandal's Tools with Slander burn,  
A single Cat would not serve their Turn,  
For the Tale went round with Great and Small,  
That he cramm'd down Two with their Skins and all!

So Lies, like Bells, &c.

As a Goose, we know, may be made a Swan,  
Then another Cat was soon tack'd on,  
And Men and Maids, and brawling Brats,  
Said, the Monster had eat up Three live Cats!

Thus Lies, like Beils, &c.

Now at such a Report what a Man must feel,  
That he gobbled up, at a single Meal,  
Three Cats alive, with the greatest Ease,  
Instead of a Slice of Bread and Cheese!

And hear such Lies, &c.

---

The Growth of a Lie, a Song.—The Quid pro Quo.

---

By a Flood, the Tide will swell and flow,  
 And a Mountain swells by a Fall of Snow;  
 The Clouds will swell, too, as they fly,  
 But Nothing swells like a bouncing Lie!

Which, like a Bell, rings through the Throng,  
 Dong ding, Ding dong, Dong ding dong!

— — — — —

THE QUID PRO QUO.

A<sup>T</sup> Lancaster once, for the Rhyme's Sake, Lan-Caster,  
 The Postman was rais'd to the Post of Post-master;  
 When an old Paper-maker, of Envy brim-full,  
 Though as empty as Air was his own Paper Scull,  
 To the Post-house in Haste went, a Bower and Scraper,  
 Requesting to furnish the Office with Paper.

"For your Worship," says he, "now you're got a great Man,  
 "Should employ all your Neighbours as much as you can;  
 "By which you'll prevent them to scoff and to flout,  
 "Because, t'other Day, you took Letters about;  
 "And you need not be fearful of any one's Mocks,  
 "That clubb'd Half a Crown for your last Christmas Box.  
 "So now, as I'm one that's resolv'd to defend you,  
 "You'll order what Sort and what Size I shall send you:  
 "As, for Choice, I've such Plenty, you need never scant,  
 "Thof POST, POT, and FOOL'S CAP is all you can want."

"Thanks, my very good Friend," said the Postmaster,  
 smiling,

"But I stand in no Dread of a Blockhead's Reviling;  
 "Men of Merit and Sense, when they see Merit rise,  
 "Behold its Promotion with unjaundic'd Eyes;  
 "So,—for POST, as I'm pleas'd with the POST I have got,  
 "Why, you see there's no Chance of my "Going to POT," }  
 "And the FOOL'S CAP, of course, must remain your own }  
 Lot."

P. 3



---

 The Bundle of Scraps, a Song.
 

---

## THE BUNDLE OF SCRAPS :

OR, TOM FOOL'S BUDGET OF WISDOM, A SONG.

THE Poet and the Prince, in Turn, have worn the Bays  
 and Laurel,  
 And Fools, for Feathers in their Caps, will squabble, fight  
 and quarrel,  
 But Fortune's Favorites while of Plumes and Coronets they  
 vapour,  
 Was every Fool to wear a Cap, t'would raise the Price of  
 Paper.

With a Row dow dow,  
 And That, you'll allow,  
 Is as good a Burden for a Song as Bow wow wow.

My Lord, when out of House and Home, the Law, for Debt,  
 ejects him,  
 May boast that from Imprisonment his Privilege protects  
 him,  
 But, stript of all, while thus he braves the Bailiff and the  
 Setter,  
 He knows that BRAG's a dashing Dog, but HOLDFAST is a  
 better.

With a Row dow dow, &amp;c.

Among the Sons of Sloth, you'll find this Maxim ever true,  
 Sir,  
 That Satan soon sets them to Work who've Nothing to  
 do, Sir,  
 But Wise Men shun a Sluggard's Path, as Jews will shun a  
 Pork Shop,  
 Because too oft an Idler's Head is made the Devil's Work-  
 shop !

With a Row dow dow, &amp;c.

---

The Bundle of Scraps, a Song.

---

When I was young, my dainty Dad, who wish'd me well the  
World through,  
And saw how like a Whirligig I might be spinn'd and  
twirl'd too,  
Says he, "If Loss of Time and Cash, you'd never wish to  
run, Boy,  
"Be sure to pocket safe your Watch, and watch you  
Pocket too, Boy."

With a Row dow dow, &c.

And so, for Thrift, I turn'd my Coat, a good Turn when  
we're needy,  
And then I got it turn'd again, because it look'd so seedy ;  
Which, when a Quiz was staring at, says I, "Don't make a  
Pother,  
" 'Tis even so,—but ' One good Turn, you know, deserves  
another."

With a Row dow dow, &c.

Now War's renew'd and Taxes rise, we all must post the  
Clinkum,  
Though Knaves, to-bilk the Income Tax, will swear they've  
got no Income,  
But Peace again, by some good Turn, may come within our  
Grappling,  
And all, I'm sure, will pray for That, except the Devil's  
Chaplain.

With a Row dow dow, &c,

When *That* returns, I care not who may roll in Pomp and  
Riches,  
Give me a Heart that's light and tight and not quite empty  
Breeches,

---

**The Bundle of Scraps, a Song.—Unlucky Question.—Unpromising Match.**

---

And as to wish for Wealth or Pow'r, I'll ne'er be such a  
Ninny,  
With Health of Body, Peace of Mind, a clean Shirt and  
a Guinea!

With a Row dow dow,  
And That, you'll allow,  
Is as good a Burden for a Song as Bow wow wow—

---

**THE UNLUCKY QUESTION.**

“**D**EAR Friend,” says Tom Cogg, a deep Gambler by  
Trade,  
As by Chance he met Foote once at Bath on the Parade,  
“Since last I left London,” (then fetch’d a deep Sigh,)  
“I’ve had the Misfortune of losing an Eye.”  
When the Wag, whose wild Raillery nothing cou’d tame,  
Reply’d, “Lost an Eye! Prithee Tom, at what Game?”

---

**THE UNPROMISING MATCH.**

**D**OCTOR Lee, who at Punning all Punsters defied,  
When his Friend, Doctor Egg, to the Distaff was tied,  
By a Dame, who for Years his Addresses had spurn’d,  
While for Bachelor WHITE she with Ardency burn’d:  
“The good Lady (quoth he) hath much Suite undergone,  
“And to take up with Egg has for Years been egg’d on;  
“But ’tis my firm Belief, if the Truth may be spoke,  
“She’s too fond of the WHITE, to be pleas’d with the Yoke.”

\* Yoke,—Ambigu for Yolk.

---

Coalition; or, the Great Bear and the Cub.

---

## COALITION;

OR, THE GREAT BEAR AND THE CUB.

An ORIGINAL Song, but not a NEW One,

As it was written when two great political Opponents became, all on a Sudden, Coadjutors and united Brethren in the ministerial Department. And which now makes its Appearance in this Collection, with no invidious Thought of venting our Spleen at the Expence of any particular Party or Individual. but merely to gratify a few classical Friends at Oxford, who wish to be possess'd of a Copy of it, as it was universally applauded in that learned Seminary in the Year 1784, where it was then first publicly sung, and its Effect is still well remember'd by all who were, at that Time, Ear and Eye Witnesses to its Time serving Effect.

N. B.—The Singer has two Candles placed on a Table before him, which he blows Out, and In again, at Pleasure.

As the Sun rules by Day, and the Moon rules by Night,  
 From whence comes diurnal and nocturnal Light,  
 So if one in the Way of the other but trips,  
 He that plays "Least in Sight," is pronounc'd in Eclipse.

Derry Down Down Down Derry Down.

But our Rulers of State are of quite diff'rent Kind,  
 As they shine or wax dim, not by Motion, but Wind;  
 Mere Candles, in fact, which I'll prove beyond Doubt,  
 For a Puff blows them in, or a Breath puffs them out.

Derry Down, &amp;c.

Two Courtiers, who long, like two Linkboys, in Spite,  
 Had puff'd and blow'd hard to quench each other's Light,  
 As they'd feign be thought Stars, why like Stars to a Tittle,  
 We'll pronounce one the Great Bear, and t'other the Little.

Derry Down, &amp;c.

---

 Coalition ; or, the Great Bear and the Cub.
 

---

The Great Bear had long like a huge Comet blaz'd,  
 And with such a long Train that all Byes were amaz'd !  
 But while puff'd up with Pride, he defy'd ev'ry Rub,  
 He at last was puff'd out,—by the Breath of the Cub.

Derry Down, &c.

*(Here he blows out one Candle and points to the other.)*

*Ursa minor* thus made *Ursa major* give Way,  
 And a new Constellation at Court took the Sway,  
 Till a Change unforeseen turn'd the Tables once more,  
 And the Cub was puff'd out, as the Bear was before.

Derry Down, &c.

*(Here he blows out the other Candle.)*

Both Parties now finding Contention in Vain,  
 Quoth the Great Bear, " Let Int'rest make one of us twain !  
 " Coalition our Relumination secures,  
 " So if you'll blow in my Candle, I'll blow in Yours."

Derry Down, &c.

" A Match," quoth the Cub, " and I hold it no Sin,  
 " As we both are puff'd out, to puff each other in;  
 " So here goes, my dear Lord, *(blows in One)* there you see  
     I can do it."  
 " And so can I too, Charles,—Sit Lux, *(blows in the other)*.  
     et Lux fuit."

Derry Down, &c.

Now shining like Twin Stars call'd *Pollux* and *Caster*,  
 Blow high or blow low they defied all Disaster;  
 When a Blast from the East, which their Skill could not  
     weather,\*  
 Like two Farthing Rushlights, *(blows out both)* puff'd out  
     both together.

Derry Down, &c.

\* The East India Bill, then projected by Mr. F. caused the immediate  
 Occultation of those Two State Luminaries.

---

Coalition; or, the Great Bear and the Cub.

---

Now extinguish'd they lie, like Make Weights in a Till,  
 In Hopes they'll once more the State Candlesticks fill;  
 And there's no Doubt, if Politics take a new Train,  
 But one royal Puff may blow both in again.

Derry Down, &c.

Though 'tis whisper'd that some Folks have blown out each  
 Spark,

Because PIR-work, they say, is oft done in the Dark,  
 So they've pufft out the Candles and muzzl'd the Bears,  
 The better to grope their Way "Up the back Stairs!"†

Derry Down, &c.

Now if any that Way into Favour have stole,  
 And but blown out the Candles to finger the Coal;  
 It is fear'd, by the Steps they may take in their Turn,  
 That we shan't have a Coal nor a Candle to burn!

Derry Down, &c.

*The Author, now addressing his Audience, says,*

As for ME, I'm a Taper that's just brought to light,  
 Though no Taper in Size,—but fat Candles burn bright;  
 And if kept in by You, to the last Inch I'll blaze,  
 Then stuck on a Save-all, expire in your Praise!

Derry Down Down Down Derry Down.

† The Road which, it is said, was at that Time taken, to convey private Intelligence to certain Persons at Court, whose Influence to secure, was then the certain Way to Preferment.



---

A HASTY BOLT-SHOT.—Mail Coaches.

---

## A HASTY BOLT-SHOT,

At a theatrical Gramacier and Buff-on whose Name was F—SH—M,  
and who, at York, for many Years, was pronounced by the enlightened  
Audience of that City, to be an Actor superior to GARRICK both in  
Tragedy and Comedy.

WHEN GARRICK the Buskin and Sock did assume,  
He was both in the grave and the gay Thing,  
So happy fitted for Mirth and for Gloom,  
That Nature might call him her PLAYTHING!

But this *Lusus Naturæ*, who proudly would shrink,  
In the Trammels of GARRICK to trudge,  
Is to Nature allied, by the same Sort of Link,  
As the Hangman's allied to the Judge:—

For GARRICK's bright Strokes from Beholders could fetch  
By Turns, Tears and Smiles in Profusion;  
While the Strokes of this Skip-Jack like those of Jack  
Ketch,  
Are, at best, but a VILE EXECUTION!



## MAIL COACHES.

Though the following Stanzas, written Sixteen Years ago, may be  
thought a little obsolete now, we have ventured to niche them into  
this Nicknackery, in Compliance with the Request of many worthy  
Friends at BATH; of which Place, the Author's truly respectable  
and respected Townsman, Mr. PALMER, is a Native as well as a  
Representative in Parliament.

IT was ever the Case, ere Desert cou'd take Place,  
That Envy threw Rubs in its Way;  
Yet the Day-light we prize, tho' we know that weak Eyes  
Feel Pain at bright Phœbus's Ray.

---

Mail Coaches.

---

When Noah in Ark, with his Sons did embark,  
Prediluvians, uplifted and pompous,  
Deem'd his nautical Scheme a fantastical Dream,  
And pronounc'd the Projector *non compos.*

And Columbus the bold, when the World we call *old*,  
He first quitted in Search of the *new* ;  
In the wide swelling Ocean, found far less Commotion,  
Than 'midst his own murmuring Crew.

Historians well know, that some Ages ago,  
The Horse drew the Plough with his Tail;  
And the Grain, there's no Doubt, from the Chaff was *tread* out,  
Long before we made use of a Flail.

Time's Parts to divide, and to shew how they glide,  
Men invented the Sand-Glass and Dial;  
And was thought nothing more cou'd be done on that Score,  
Till a Clock-Maker ventur'd the Trial.

Who strikes out new Lights, fell Derision excites,  
If not Persecution to boot;  
Galileo so found, when he prov'd the World *round*,  
And that Men walk'd *upright*, UNDER-FOOT.

'Twas at first thought a Bull, but a Pontiff's thick Skull,  
Who wou'd suffer no Bulls but his own,  
Hurl'd Vatican Thunder at Heretic Blunder,  
And prov'd an old Wife, like Pope Joan.

Thus the Conclave of Fools, Tony Todd and his Tools,  
Their Anathemas deal at Mail Coaches;  
And like Zealots of Yore, trump up Lies by the Score,  
Which their Proselytes swallow like Loaches.

Q



---



---

 Mail Coaches.
 

---



---

Here a Wheel lost a Spoke, there an Axle-Tree broke,  
 At a third Place the Perch snapt in two;  
 One Man lost an Eye, a poor Girl smash'd her Thigh,  
 And the Rest were all beat black and blue.

Then the Horses one Night, with hard Driving took fright,  
 And ran down a Hill, Helter Skelter,  
 When the Passengers all, were thrown out great and small,  
 And left in Duck's Puddle to welter.

Yet, wond'rous to tell, after all that befel,  
 Old Time, that developing Smoaker,  
 Has prov'd all those Flams are but Bugbears and Bams,  
 Like Wilding's "Cat, Pistol, and Poker."\*

And the Lies Envy broaches, to run down Mail Coaches,  
 (Though fraught with Mischance and Disaster)  
 Like the Grease on each Axis, their Speed not relaxes,  
 But only just makes them run faster.

For Life to secure, and Life's Means to ensure,  
 In a Land where Freebooter's abound,  
 Must engage ev'ry Mind, to its Int'rest not blind,  
 And the Plan with Success must be crown'd.

Nay, each hungry Cur, that now makes such a Stir,  
 To his Yelping wou'd soon put a Stop,  
 And be one of the Host, that Mail Coaches now toast,  
 If he had but a Share of the Sop.

Then Palmer, whose Brain can alone guide the Rein,  
 Like Apollo, thy Course daily run;  
 And never let Fear slack thy noble Career,  
 Till the Dog Star eclipses the Sun!†

\* Vide,—Foote's Farce of The Liar.

† It is well known that Mr. Palmer was the Projector of this Plan, which has proved so invaluable to Society; and in Reward for which, a princely Fortune entailed on him and his Posterity, is a Debt of Honour as well as Gratitude, which his Country most indisputably owes him.

---

On certain Delinquents in Trade.—A Fragment.

---

## ON CERTAIN DELINQUENTS IN TRADE,

FOUND GUILTY OF SELLING COUNTERFEIT GILT BUTTONS  
INSTEAD OF THE REAL ARTICLES.

**T**HAT Guilt has Punishment to fear,  
It stands on Reason's Ground;  
But where no Gilt did e'er appear,  
Who can be guilty found?

Then on what Ground, Logicians, say,  
Is this strange Doctrine built,  
That Button-gilders Guilt betray,  
In Works quite free from Gilt?

For if by Want of Gilt they shew,  
How much to Guilt they're prone,  
Tis passing strange that Guilt should flow,  
From Giltless Works alone!

— — — — —

A FRAGMENT,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE SPOT, AFTER SEEING THE  
ARMORY IN THE TOWER.

**C**OULD we boast Pré-existence, and retrospect Sight,  
By omnipotent agency, hold with the change,  
How prompt recollection, with mental delight,  
O'er Times heretofore would impedelessly range!

And, from memory, Treasures exhaustless would spring,  
Our minds to enrich, while ALL PAST they'd pervade;  
Nor an Empire, a Nation, a Hero, or King,  
In oblivion's dead void be as nullities laid.

For then, we could say, who the Javelin form'd,  
Which Cassibelan hur'd from his chariot on high;  
When the fierce Roman foe Britain's boundaries storm'd,  
And whose axle-tree Scythe made their proud legions fly.

Q 2

---

A Fragment.—Mirabile Dictu! Truth told by a Frenchman!

---

Who the huge pond'rous Battle axe temper'd and wrought,  
 Which Arthur oft wielded with two-handed might,  
 When Oswald and Osman! unitedly fought,  
 With that true British Worthy, and conquerless Wight!

Then the name could we trace of that Artisan rare,  
 Who pointed the Spear that Sir Guy pois'd in war,  
 Old Warwick's fam'd Earl, who grim Giants could scare,  
 And who moulded his Shield that could ward ev'ry Scar.

Who sharpen'd the Lance which old Ironsides bore,  
 With impetuous career, against Canute, the Dane;  
 Who polish'd the Helmet which brave Harold wore,  
 And in field, after losing, was pierc'd to the Brain.

Who strung the tough Cross-bow, who beak'd the brown  
 Bill,  
 Form'd the Breast-plate, so broad, for old Battle Array;  
 Who, for Bolts, did the Quiver with Oylettings drill,  
 And feather'd the Shaft with the Goose-wing so grey.  
*Cetera desunt.*



### MIRABILE DICTU!

TRUTH TOLD BY A FRENCHMAN! A SONG.

Supposed to be sung in broken English, by a Fugitive from that Country  
 on this Side the Water.

I Am von French Refugee,  
 Vich dey here call Emigrant,  
 And tis vera good Ting for me,  
 Dat I leave de grande Nation;  
 (Pron. Nass-sciong.)  
 For, to keep my Head upon my Shoulders,  
 Is de Ting I vant,  
 As to mount de Guillotine,  
 I confess I've no Passion,  
 (Pron. Pass-sciong.)

Dough I've travell'd great long Vay,  
 Pon de Land and pon de Sea,  
 Vid my Contremen to plant aronde,  
 De Tree of Liberte!  
 As de Fortune of de Var  
 Is de French Divertisement,  
 (Pron. Divertisemong.)  
 And tis vera true, bay Gar,  
 So belief may leetel Song!

Den to Holland Ve advance,  
 Vich dey call de Land of Buttere,  
 Vere de Dutchmen all so fat,  
 Only vant for to be stuck,  
 And vere Donder Blood and Blixen !  
 Soon Mynheer began to sputtere,  
 Ven he found de Tree of Liberte,  
 Vas bring him no good Luck !

---

*Mirabile Dictu! Truth told by a Frenchman! a Song.*

---

For says he, " You melt our Buttere,  
 " And you eat up all our Bread,  
 " And den, ven you have suckt our Brains,  
 " You'll knock us in de Head!"  
 Vile de Fortune of de Var is de French Divertisemong,  
 And tis vera true, bay Gar, so belief my leetel Song.

Den vid Spain Ve make de Peace,  
 Vid de grande Fraternelle Hug,  
 But Ve squeeze de Don so close,  
 Dat he gromble in de Guts,  
 Vile Italiens, tout ensemble,  
 In our Jaws Ve get so snug,  
 Ve can crack dem ven Ve please,  
 As de Monkey crack de Nuts;  
 Den Ve tumble down de Pope,  
 And de Swiss, to crown de Frolick,  
 Ve drench vid Gall and Vinegar,  
 Vich give dem all de Colic!  
 Vile de Fortune of de Var is de French Divertisemong,  
 And tis vera true, bay Gar, so belief my leetel Song.

Den to Egypt ve set Sail,  
 En Voyage Two Tousand League,  
 To plant de Tree of Freedom  
 On the Borders of the Nile;  
 But dey swear, in ev'ry Branch,  
 Dere is twice Ten Tousand Plague,  
 Dough ve veep and call dem Broders,  
 Alamode de Crocodile!  
 While NELSON on de Vater,  
 Play von Trick not vera civil,  
 And, by Land, Sir Sydney,—Vat you call him?  
 SMIT,—he play de Devil!  
 By de Fortune of de Var, for his own Divertisemong,  
 And tis vera true, bay Gar, so belief my leetel Song.

---

Mirabile Dictu! Truth told by a Frenchman! a Song.

---

John Bull he love de Roast a Beef,  
    Mais toujours sweet and fresh,  
But he say " Ve stew de Mouton  
    " Ven de Sheep die of de Rot,"  
And he crack his Jokes so comical,  
    About de Bone and Flesh,  
For he say, bay Gar, " de Black Sheep's Neck,  
    " At last, vill go to Pot;"  
And, " As he know de French  
    " Love de Soup vid all deir Heart,  
" Dey'll not vant Scrag of Mouton,  
    " Vile dey've got de BONY PART;  
" And ven dey scrag de BONY PART,  
    " Dey all have lov'd so long,  
" Twill be Alamode de France, like the Rest of all my  
    Song!"

But as for all de French can do,  
    John Bull he only laugh,  
And deir Fee Faw Fum Invasions  
    He make his Mock and Joke,  
For he say, bay Gar, dat BONY PART,  
    Is von great Sheep or Calf,  
To tink de Necks of Englishmen  
    Vill stoop to veare his Yoke.  
But to England if he come,  
    Vich so much he make his Brag,  
Dey swear upon his great long Neck  
    Dey'll only leave de Scrag;  
For dey'll have his Head, bay Gar,  
    If his Head was twice as long,  
Cause he just renew de Var  
    For his own Divertisemong!



## THE AMOROUS PUNSTER !

**T**OM DUFFEY, of celebr'ous Name,  
In Play, in Farce, in Jest and Song,  
To BULLOCK's Daughter, high in Fame,  
Among the gay theatric Throng.

Full oft had paid his am'rous Suit,  
And full as oft had sued in Vain ;  
For She to all his Vows was mute,  
Nor deign'd a Word, to soothe his Pain.

Saint James's Market was the Spot,  
Where Dad and Daughter did reside ;  
And where poor Tom, in true Love's Knot,  
Sought with the fair One to be ty'd.

But still in Vain ;—for She, alas,  
The profer'd Noose indignant spurn'd ;  
While Tom, as by a convex Glass,  
Felt his poor Gizzard scorch'd and burn'd !

And once, at Market having met  
A Friend, in Search of Dainties rare ;  
With Mind on Haunch of Ven'son set,  
And Turtle, and such sumptuous Fare ;

“ Pray what Tit Bit, Friend Tom,” quoth He,  
“ Do You prefer in all this Mart ?”  
Tom answer'd,—“ No Tit Bits for Me, —  
“ I only seek—A BULLOCK's HEART !”



---

Epitaph.—Scholastical Hobbyism, a Song.

---

EPITAPH,

On a poor provincial Actor ; who though he was for many Years the Tragedy Drudge of the N—— Company, was at the Age of Sixty-five discarded by his Manager, and left to finish his Days in the Workhouse !

**H**ERE lies a poor old worn-out Blade,  
Who, living, toil'd like any Turk :  
Yet never work'd but when he play'd,  
As playing was his only Work !

By Playhouse Work, till past Threescore,  
He liv'd, unheeding Time or Tide ;  
And then, shut out from Playhouse Door,  
The Vet'ran in a Workhouse died !

Thus, though in War, he blaz'd, like Mars,  
And shin'd in Love, like bright Adonis ;  
His Exit proves,—'Twas all a Farce.—  
SIC TRANSIT GLORIA HISTRIONIS !



SCHOLASTICAL HOBBYISM, A SONG.

**P**EDANT Prigs, we well know,  
Their deep Learning to shew,  
Scarcely ten Words of English can speak ;  
But plump they come out,  
With some strange roundabout,  
Rusty Remnant of Latin or Greek.

Thus when Doctor Slop's Wife,  
Who had once sav'd the Life  
Of a little pet Cur, she call'd Cato,  
Was bit by him after,  
The Doctor, with Laughter.  
Cry'd, "*Periit quod facis ingrato !*"



## Scholastical Hobbyism. a Song.

And when once it was said,  
 That my Lord Leatherhead,  
     Bought, for sound, a black broken-down Hunter;  
 Says a fat Grazier's Son,  
 Who, at College, lov'd Fun,  
     *"Vaccinia nigra leguntur!"*

So at Church, when the Rector,  
 In Orthodox Lecture,  
     Said, "Man, to be sav'd, must be born new;"  
 A sweet precious Lad,  
 Swore, the Priest was Horn mad,  
     And exclaim'd, *"Fenum habet in cornu!"*

Yet the wisest of Men,  
 If with Tongue or with Pen,  
     He such Punning decry'd when he heard it,  
 All his Labour, they'd say,  
 Was but just thrown away,  
     Quoting, *"Oleum et Operam perdit!"*

Or if at such Stuff,  
 He should chance to look gruff,  
     Their Thumbs the old Codger they'd bite at,  
 Who they'd swear nab'd the Rust,  
 But to kick up a Dust,  
     And *"Quis tantas turbas excitat."*

Thus on Corks while they swim,  
 O'er the Surface they skim,  
     Of deep Learning,—all lightsome and airy,  
 Though, by such borrow'd Helps,  
 You may see that the Whelps  
     Never learn'd, *"Sine cortice nare."*

Yet their Jokes come so pat in,  
 When lug'd out in Latin,  
 Though crib'd from old Rochester's Códex ;  
 That when Tom wants to know,  
 Who makes Breeches for Joe,  
 Says Joe, in Reply,—“ *Ask my Podex.*”

But if threadbare your Breeches,  
 And squander'd its Riches,  
 Futurity's Hopes will rouse *Nemo*,  
 Your Wants to supply,  
 But each Wag, fighting shy,  
 Wags his Head, with “ *Spem pretio, non emo !*”

And with Proverbs they'll pun,  
 Of your Fall to make Fun,  
 If you're hurl'd from Prosperity's high Hill ;  
 As they all, without Fiction,  
 The Voice of Affliction,  
 Call, “ *Vox et præterea nihil !*”

And, perhaps, too, in Greek,  
 Of poor BRUSH when they speak,  
 Who so often has put a Fool's Coat on ;  
 They'll swear, by his Tale, he's  
 An “ *Anthropos Tbales,*”  
 Or else a mere “ *Gale Krokoton !*”



---

---

A Serious Farewell to a Year of Troubles.

---

---

A SERIOUS FAREWELL TO A YEAR OF  
TROUBLES.

Written before the last rotten Peace.

AS Friends to those who quit this Scene,  
The Death-Song sing around their Bier,  
No Sport with Grief, to sing, I ween,  
A Requiem to th' expiring Year.

And, hark ! His Exit to proclaim,  
Ten Thousand Trumpets sound from far !  
While, Phoenix-like, he sinks in Flame,  
And dies amid the Blaze of War !

Round the wide Zodiac has he rang'd,  
Revolving hail'd each rising Sun,  
Wing'd on, while thirteen Moons have chang'd,  
But now, alas, his Race is run.

Time, Ruthless Despot ! seals his Doom,  
Coursing down Seasons, Dates, and Tides,  
Meridian Glare, and Midnight Gloom,  
Still witnessing his tow'ring Strides.

His grizzly Forelock none will dare  
To seize, while Headlong on his Way ;  
Though nought can blunt his Scythe to spare  
A Year, a Month, a Week, or Day.

But heedless of th' involving Whirl,  
Whose Vortex whelms us all aground ;  
Down Dissipation's Stream we hurl,  
Nor dread the approaching vast Profound !

---

---

A Serious Farewell to a Year of Troubles.

---

---

The giddy Sport of Passion's Gust,  
Presumptuous, impotent, and blind,  
Our Bark to Winds and Waves we trust,  
Nor watch before, nor look behind !

" Come what, come may," still plunging on,  
Hemm'd round with Breakers, Shoals, and Shelves !  
Compass and Chart we scorn to con,  
Our Danger know, or know—Ourselves !

Yet One true Speculum I weet,  
Life's Course reflects from first to last ;  
CONSCIENCE, with ev'ry View replete,  
Of long neglected Reckonings past.

Then, Reader, though the Glass should burn,  
Through Reason's Lens trace all within ;  
And e'er its true Reflex thou spurn,  
Or venture on, to lose, or win ;

The Hazard and the Chance compare,  
'Twixt Rule and Random here below ;  
And let not Self-Deception dare  
To cog the Die which all must throw !

Stretch the Mind's Eye, and then behold,  
Though circling Rounds thy Steps may tread ;  
Not Pomp, nor Pow'r, nor Piles of Gold,  
Can bar thy mingling with the Dead.

Some few revolving Suns when set,  
But prove that Life's one lengthen'd Day ;  
And like a Garment on the Fret,  
Its Cobweb Texture chafes away !

R

---

A Serious Farewell to a Year of Troubles.—The Frank Confession.

---

Seize then the Moment, e'er it flies,  
 For most momentous is the NOW,  
 The Remnant left, with Wisdom prize,  
 Nor question WHEN, but ponder HOW.

Fate hangs upon a single Thread,  
 Which One rude Shock may rend in Twain;  
 And if the Line through Ages led,  
 To boast that long-spun Line 'twere vain!

The dwindling Distaff swells the Reel,  
 The Stock in Hand shrinks every Round;  
 Nor aught can check the coiling Wheel,  
 Till up the flimsy Film is wound.

The Clew to poize, if weight or light,  
 Strict Justice then the Beam will rear;  
 And Death to deathless Day or Night,  
 Will Millions bring in one more Year.



### THE FRANK CONFESSION.

Inserted by the Author some Years ago in the Bath Chronicle, in Consequence of a Report being spread with a View to injure him in the Eye of the Fashionable World:—Which Report was Nothing more nor less, than his being the Son of a Man who supplied his Employers with Raiment for the Body, while he was furnishing the Public with Amusement for the Mind.

*"What can ennoble Sots or Slaves or Cowards?"*

*"Alas! not all the Blood of all the Howards!"* POPE.

A Race-horse's Pedigree proudly we trace,  
 And his Lineage with Care we record;  
 At a Match on the Turf, 'tis confirm'd by his Grace,  
 And, a Leap to enhance, by my Lord!

---

The Frank Confession.

---

While I, brushing hard over Life's rugged Course,  
Its up and down Bearings to scan;  
Derive my Descent from no high mettled Horse,  
But, alas! the Ninth Part of a Man!

This Blot in my Scutcheon, I never yet try'd  
To conceal, to erase, or to alter;  
But suppose me, by Birth, to a Hangman allied,  
Must I wear the Print of the Halter?

To humble proud Wolsey, that Butcher-bred Puff,  
Each Lord in the Land had a Wish;  
And his Slaughter-house Eminence often took Huff,  
When the Calf's Head was thrown in his Dish!

But I, who no Eminence ever yet sought,  
Nor aim'd at the Purple or Lawn,  
Regard not by whom I was born or begot,  
Nor whence my Existence is drawn.

Besides,—Genealogy, strictly trac'd down,  
Is a mere problematical Thing;  
As a King may, perchance, raise up Seed to a Clown,  
Or a Clown cross the Breed of a King;

From Peasant or Prince then what Offspring may rise,  
This Fact from Experience we gather:  
"Though Fathers may wish for their Sons to be wise,  
" 'Tis a wise Son that knows his own Father!"

And since 'tis a Truth I've acknowledg'd through Life,  
And never yet labour'd to smother  
That "a Taylor, before I was born took a Wife,  
" And that Taylor's Wife was my Mother:"

---

 The French Confession.—*Finis.*


---

This humble Alternative falls then to me,  
 And an humble one 'tis to be sure:  
 That, "the Son of a Taylor I surely must be,  
 " Or else I'm the Son of a Wh—re!"

*Yes, while I'm a Hero: while our Envy our Pride,  
 With their Favour-tips'd Arrows can sting,  
 Not a Day of my Life would more glimmeringly glide,  
 Were it prov'd.—I'm the Son of a King!*

THE Fool's last Bolt we thus let fly,  
 And Cap and Bells we now throw by;—  
 Yet, Reader, if more pleas'd than pall'd,  
 With what the Witing here hath scrawld;  
 When meeting with fastidious FLATS,  
 Who Camels gulp and strain at Gnats;  
 Nor draw the Line 'twixt Haste and Leisure,  
 But whipt up Froth with poize and measure;  
 While, Liss-o like, with Latin Varnish,  
 Their grave Stultiloquence they garnish:—  
 "In *Leugib*," should CAVIL cry, 'tis *Brewis*,"  
 "In *Wagis*," should CARR reply, 'tis *Levis*,"  
 Tell them, "the Stuff, for killing Time is,  
 "Just *Quantum sufficit*—*et ne quid nimis*,"—  
 While grac'd with Jingle, the last Line is,  
 And, to confirm is,—Vide—FINIS.

---

M. Swinney, Printer, Birmingham,













